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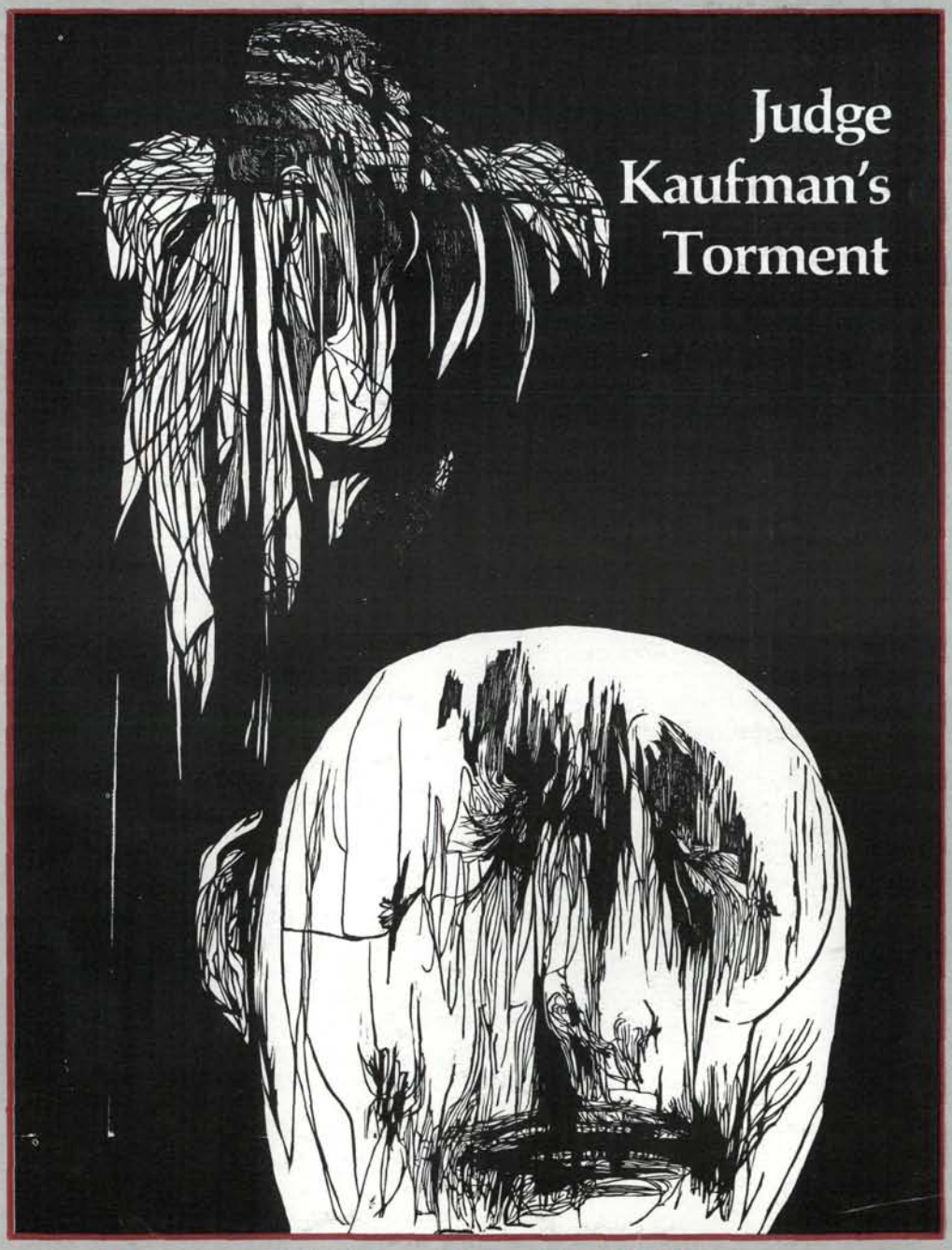

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TRB

from Washington ®
October 8, 1977

The Fiddler

See Senator Byrd. He's a strong man. He plays the fiddle. He guides the Senate. Once he was just a kleagle. Then he became a senator. Then he beat Teddy Kennedy for Senate whip. Now he lectures the Vice President. Now he tells President Carter to fire Lance. President Carter fires Lance. What will Senator Byrd do next? Nobody knows. But watch him.

In the feudal system when the emperor's power diminished the barons' power increased, and that is the way things are done in Washington with Presidents. People have been studying the unknown President Carter for eight or nine months, speculating about him and noting the extraordinary narrowness and provincialism of his staff, and then he blew it in the Lance affair. Maybe he will make a fast recovery; I hope so, because we are all involved and live under a presidential system where everything goes to pot if we have an ineffective chief executive. By the end of the year the Carter legislative record almost certainly will look better than it does right now. In the meantime the other power centers have enlarged as the White House power center contracted; the seldom-smiling Mr. Byrd is probably the most powerful man in the legislative branch excepting House Speaker Tip O'Neill of Massachusetts, and the word of Congress is growing more important.

Somebody had to explain to the White House that Congress is not the Georgia legislature. Five days after the Carter Inaugural Byrd took the surprising step of publicly criticizing the President for not consulting Congress more. That matter was straightened out quickly. Then in June Press Secretary Jody Powell told the press after a set-back of the energy program in a House Committee that Mr. Carter was "deeply concerned" and that the "oil companies, the auto companies and their lobbies have won significant preliminary victories" and that deregulation of natural gas was a "ripoff of the American consumer." The observation was probably right but ill-timed; the real legislative problem was the Senate, not the House. Byrd told the press that Carter was "over-reacting"; that it was "only the first pitch in an energy ballgame that may go 10 innings or more."

Mr. Carter gracefully yielded in part, and consulted his stiffly independent Senate leader more and more. Who else was there to consult? The parochial White House staff misappraised every development in the Lance affair. Somebody had to remind the President that he was *President*; that it is a national responsibility; that it is above friendships and self; that it requires sacrifices, sometimes cruel; that there is only so much presidential power and it must be spent wisely. In short, Byrd at the White House told Carter that Lance should go and the sooner the better. In a day or two Lance was gone. It was impressive advice from a formidable figure, one of the most curious figures in Washington.

Carter and Byrd have much in common. Each is a born-again Baptist. Each is a proud, one-time poor Southern boy; each is hell-bent on consolidating and legitimizing his new status. Each, also, is intensely disciplined and a little self-righteous. Each has struggled to "make it," but Byrd has struggled harder.

Byrd has fought his way up and, like many self-made men, finds it hard to forgive weaklings who can't rise. He's a po' white kid from a gloomy holler in West Virginia; an orphan; a garbage collector of scraps for his pigs; a boy who pulled his forelock to the nice people; a high school graduate (valedictorian) with a primitive attitude toward race; a Klan organizer; a butcher who learned how to cut meat from a manual; a scholar who waited 16 years to start college after finishing high school; a law degree after 10 years of night school while in Congress (cum laude.) That's a success story. He lives in a modest house in a Virginia suburb with the woman who shared the days when they couldn't afford even a refrigerator—just a half orange crate nailed outside the kitchen window. He hates socializing.

Robert Byrd hasn't stopped growing—or adapting, anyway. He threw in his lot with the Southerners when he came to the Senate; he regrets the Klan experience ("a mistake," he says) but some of his raw attitudes at the

(continued on page 39)

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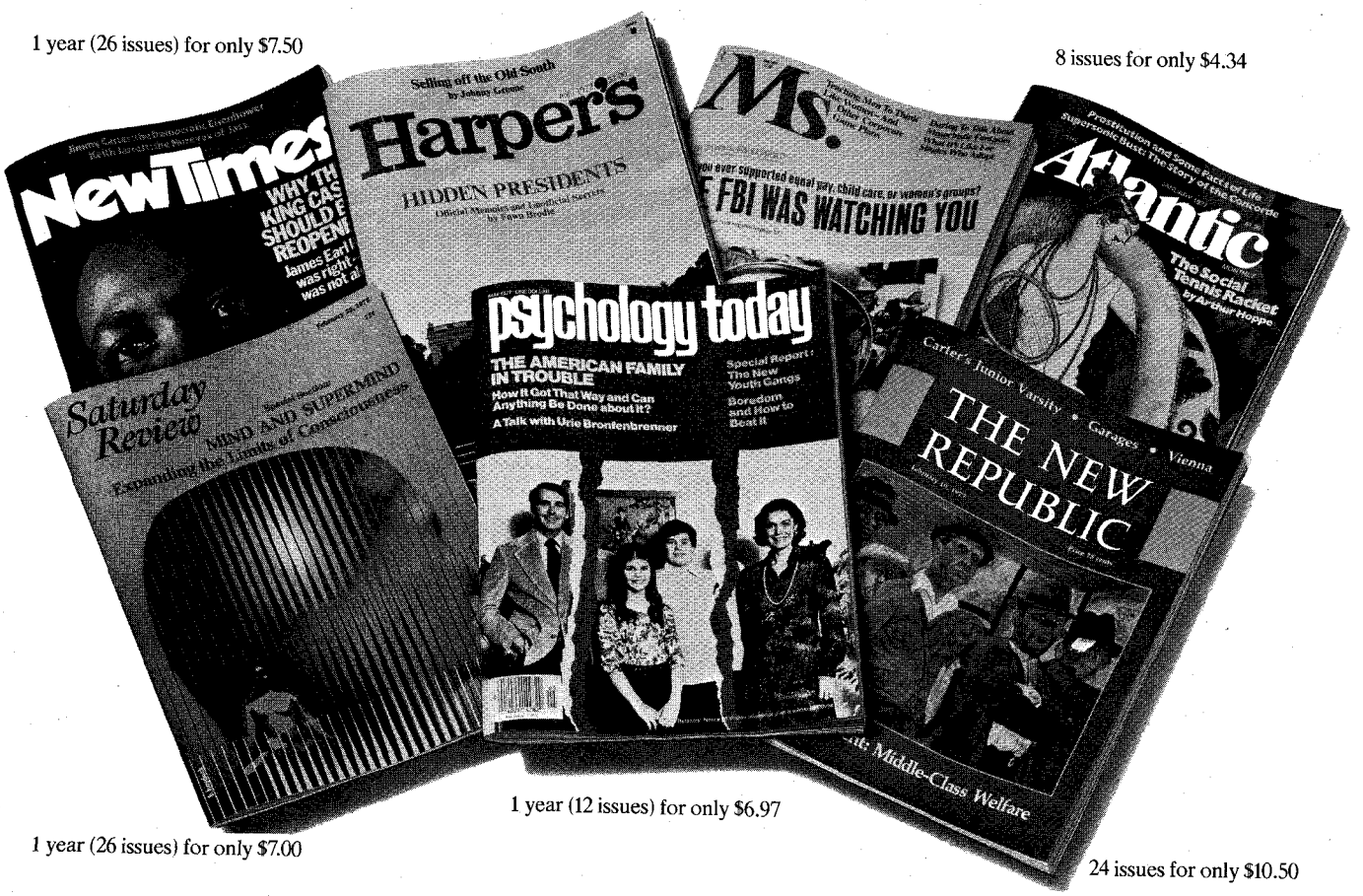
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Correspondence

Case Dismissed

The following correspondence is published for the reasons explained in the letter.

Mr. Denny Walsh
Reporter
The Sacramento Bee
PO Box 15779
Sacramento, California 95813

Re: *Denny Walsh v. The New Republic Book Company, Inc., Leonard Downie, Jr., et. al.*

Dear Mr. Walsh:

This letter is written as a means of settling and disposing of the lawsuit which you have filed against me and the publisher of my book, *The New Muckrakers*. In that action, you contend that you were libeled by the following statement made about you on page 242 of the book:

> *"Walsh on the other hand, floundered at the* New York Times. *He produced only a handful of stories that contained more suspicions than facts before being fired over a story about San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto that the* Times *refused to publish."*

As I indicated elsewhere in that book, you have had a distinguished career as an investigative reporter. You shared a Pulitzer Prize for your stories which helped uncover Labor Union corruption, and you have produced many other noteworthy and meaningful stories on timely and significant topics. I did not mean to imply in the material that I wrote about you that there were errors or inaccuracies in any of the stories that you wrote in the *New York Times*. I do now realize, however, that the language quoted above could be so interpreted by some persons who might read the book. By my reference to "suspicions" in that text, I meant only to indicate my own opinion that the stories to which I was referring could convey suspicions to the readers beyond the facts actually reported in the articles. I did not mean to imply that the factual statements in the articles were inaccurate, or that they were in any way inadequately substantiated in your own back-up files, or that they were based upon your suspicions.

What I stated in the book was simply an expression of my own personal opinion as to impressions conveyed by certain of your stories. Since I did not intend to indicate that your stories were based on your own suspicions, I believe that my statement in the book, as I intended it, was fair comment.

Nonetheless, because of concern that my statements could be misunderstood, I have agreed that in any future editions of this book, and in any paperback edition, if one is published, the quoted language set forth above will be deleted and be replaced by the following language:

> *"Walsh, on the other hand, joined the* New York Times *staff only to be fired from his position with that newspaper over a story which he prepared about San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto. Walsh then went to work for the* Sacramento Bee."

In return, you have agreed to dismiss your libel action.

We both agree that a disposition of the case in this manner is more satisfactory than litigating it to a conclusion. You feel strongly that a person who believes that he has been libeled should have appropriate recourse to court for the damage he sustains. But you also believe that if the damage can be mitigated or cured short of trial, such a course is preferable. The conciliatory solution utilized here redresses effectively and satisfactorily whatever damage you find in the original statement. Such conciliation also avoids litigation which could have a chilling effect on the First Amendment rights of reporters and publishers. You feel that what was written about you, as you believe it would be understood, could seriously damage your reputation. However, you are satisfied with the explanation that I have given in this letter as to what I intended by the language I used and, with that explanation, you agree that I was entitled to express, as my opinion, the viewpoint as I intended it to be understood.

This letter may be filed with the dismissal papers in court.

Leonard Downie, Jr.
3210 Wisconsin Avenue, NW
Apartment #411
Washington, DC

In defense of Livingston Biddle

To the editors:

I was shocked to read your editorial attack on a brilliant and dedicated public servant, Livingston Biddle, Jr. ("Biddle to Piddle to Hell," *TNR*, Sept. 3).

If you had taken the time to investigate, you would have learned the following: Mr. Biddle actually wrote the legislation creating the National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities while serving Senator Pell as administrative assistant. He was drafted by Roger Stevens, the NEA's first chairman, to be his deputy, and subsequently became acting chairman during the interim period between Stevens' resignation and the Nancy Hanks succession. He left government service to become Director of Fordham University's School of Fine Arts. After completing his assignment at Fordham, he returned to join Nancy Hanks' staff. One of his major responsibilities was Congressional liaison. This ought to be considered in light of the increase by the Congress of the National Endowment's appropriation from $25 million in 1965, to over $200 million in 1976. This amount, together with private matching funds which came into the Treasury, originally on a dollar for dollar basis, but has now been magnified to the point where the private match is at a three for one basis, partly explains the great florescence of the arts all over the country, not just New York.

All this time, Livingston Biddle served with excellence and dedication. I know, because I met him when I was Consultant to the National Council on the Arts and had almost daily contact with Biddle. Our friendship continued while he was at Fordham.

Anyone who knows Biddle also knows about his marvelous sense of humor. He could easily satirize himself with a ditty such as you described. But to even suggest that he could do anything improper, or that Senator Pell would

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engage in an impropriety, is libelous per se. His friends who are legion, and associated will vouch for his impeccable character, his dedication to the arts, and his administrative ability. It was witless of *The New Republic* not to recognize Biddle's satirical humor.

It's hard for me to believe he lobbied for the job. I don't think it's his style. I've lost touch with him, but he might have. There's nothing wrong with a Washingtonian lobbying for a job he's worked at for thirteen years.

It was also hard for me to read that *The New Republic* would ever resort to scurrility. It has in the Biddle story and I think an apology is in order.

Frederick Gash
New York, New York

McNamara's Sand

To the editors:

That was a vile piece by Jonathan Miller—"A House Built on Sand"—in your issue of September 3, and there should be some professional disgrace for such a writer and for a magazine so indifferent to facts.

"A syndicate led by Robert Strange McNamara won control of Jungle Beach in an estate sale," Miller writes.

Lewis G. King, chairman of the Board of Selectmen of the town of Chilmark on Martha's Vineyard, tells how it really was (*Vineyard Gazette*, July 22, 1977): "Lucinda Vincent was the owner of the 60 acres of land and mile of beach which comprised part of her estate when she died. It was all legally posted land with no access upon any part of it without the consent of Lucy Vincent.

"The executor of the estate of Lucinda Vincent was considering a bona fide offer of a sale of the entire property to a group who were contemplating the erection of 22 dwellings on the 60 acres. The selectmen of the town of Chilmark, concerned about the impact of such a development in the area and helpless to prevent it, since we had no zoning by-law, managed to persuade the executor of the estate to give consideration to a plan and offer from Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Meyer who represented themselves and three other families. Herbert Hancock and I, with the help—incredibly—of Horace Robinson who represented the other prospective purchasers, extracted from Mr. Meyer and his associates an agreement giving more than half the beach front, plus an access road, for a 200-year period to the citizens and resident visitors of Chilmark.

In retrospect I find it quite unbelievable that four families paying a half million dollars for a property assessed at the time for one-tenth of that amount would have the good instincts to concern themselves with the good of the town. They not only gave the beautiful beach but they agreed to restrict building on the 60 acres to four dwellings, and additionally to put the rest of this lovely land into conservation."

Mr. McNamara who, Miller says, "led" this group, was in fact the last to join it. Miller quotes an unidentified "Islander with some sophistication in the local real estate market" as saying that at the price the purchase was "a masterful stroke." Records in the Registry of Probate of Dukes County show that the property was appraised for tax purposes at $450,000, a figure that stood scrutiny by the cold eye of the Internal Revenue Service. The price, therefore—fixed by negotiation and not by Mr. McNamara—considerably exceeded the appraised value. It also ranks in the highest bracket of prices paid in the real estate market on Martha's Vineyard during the recent times of speculation and inflation.

Let Lewis King proceed: "It is incomprehensible that anyone with decent instincts and any sense of fairness could argue that these doners to the town of this marvelous addition to our recreational facilities should not be allowed to preserve their privacy in the area they retained for their houses and their recreation. It is inconceivable that the town of Chilmark not continue to protect them against trespassers and intruders."

As recently as 1974 an Opinion of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts held that the limit of private property, as defined in early Colonial times, is at the line of extreme low tide. The Opinion reiterated the

(continued on page 39)

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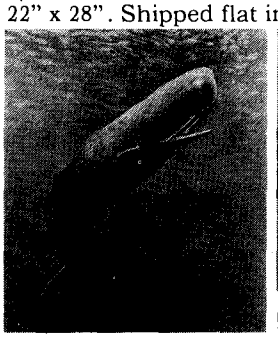

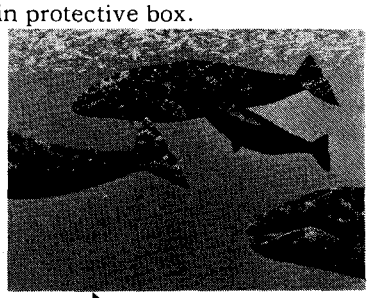

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 8, 1977

The Minority We All Hope to Join

The first modern pension program was created by Otto Von Bismarck in 1889, at a time when a man's average life span was about 45 years. Bismarck's plan, which became the model for British legislation in 1908 and America's Social Security system in 1935, defined old age as beginning at 65. The number was chosen arbitrarily; Bismarck's actuaries thought it would be high enough to make the plan affordable. Few people would live to collect a pension, and those few would not live long. This number was originally chosen as a minimum, but over the years it has acquired a significance it was not meant to have: it's become a maximum. Today many companies have mandatory retirement policies that force people to stop working when they reach 65, whether they are ready to quit or not. Because the average 65-year-old person can expect to live well into his or her 70s, these mandatory rules condemn those who must live with them to years of enforced idleness.

For the first time since Bismarck, the US is revising its definition of old age in a major way. The government made a partial modification in 1942, when it relaxed the mandatory retirement rule for its own employees. They may work until age 70 or for 15 years, whichever is longer. But until this year no serious effort was made to end the 65-year rule for civilian workers. Representative Claude Pepper, who is 77 himself, wrote a bill that would forbid mandatory retirement in private business before age 70, and effectively end it in government. It passed the House by 359 to 4 in September and probably will win Senate approval soon. Thus while Congress spends weeks flailing unproductively at the energy bill and abortion, the most significant social reform in years will have become law with almost no fuss or fanfare.

The National Association of Manufacturers was one of the few lobbies that spoke against Pepper's bill. One suspects that NAM's objection had more to do with its resentment of meddlesome Washington than anything else. But the argument made in the hearings was that mandatory retirement of older workers is essential in order to make room for younger ones entering the job market at the other end of the corporate digestive track. It is a sad comment on the structure of the American economy that it cannot absorb young people eager to do productive work that will add to the national prosperity, without cutting off the productivity of equally eager older people whose years of experience make them even more valuable. Perhaps the economy is not as inflexible as the NAM supposes. In any event, now it will have to limber up.

As the postwar baby boom grows old, the new cause of "ageism" surely will grow stronger, since we can count on the babies to vote their interest. The trends worked out by the Census Bureau show that already America is becoming a nation of old people. In 1900, people over-65 amounted to only four percent of the total population. In 1950, they had become eight percent of the total. And in 1970, 10 percent. The Census projects that by 2030, when the entire baby boom will have passed into old age (and beyond) the over-65 population will amount to 19 percent of the total. It would be foolish to demand that all these people sit quietly aside while their children run the show. More to the point, it will not be possible politically to make that demand.

The problem that looms in the distance—one Congress has not addressed—has to do with the other people, the millions who are quite happy to retire on a full pension at 55. They far outnumber those who want to keep working. If the statistics are correct, their needs will make proportionately much larger demands on future taxpayers than the elderly make on us today. Will those future taxpayers be more generous than we have been? They may be. But at the same time they will trim some of the lavish allowances in pension programs that exist today. The campaign to end "double-dipping" (the taking of a federal pension and a federal salary at the same time) is just the beginning of the trend. There is nothing noble about it, but it reflects the kind of bookkeeper's politics that necessarily comes to the fore in times of scarcity.

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Carter's Concorde Strategy

As the Concorde project sputters to an end, America prepares to make peace with the machine and allow it to enter the country. Under a "compromise plan" announced last week by Secretary of Transportation Brock Adams, the administration would permit the supersonic jet to land at 13 airports in the US. But the invitation is being extended only to the 16 planes already built; other supersonics will have to meet much stricter noise standards than these. They probably never will be built. The reason the Carter administration is making the compromise—not publicly stated—is that it would like to absolve itself of blame for the financial disaster of the Concorde. By allowing the plane to land and go bankrupt without further harassment, the government may hope to demonstrate that the Concorde's problem is purely economic and not the result of an American plot to destroy it.

Last year the federal government cleared the Concorde at airports near Washington, DC and New York City on an 18-month trial basis. The local opposition has been so strong in New York that the trial run there hasn't begun yet. The British and French manufacturers, but particularly the French, cannot understand this. The President has said "yes," so how can New York say "no"? They understand that we have a federal system, but they don't believe that's the issue. They suspect an intrigue. The fact is that the Concorde on takeoff is about twice as loud as the loudest subsonic jet, and the people who live near JFK airport in New York just don't want it. They have leaned on local politicians to keep it out. The President dares not override them by invoking executive authority, though he might succeed if he tried.

The White House has decided instead to give passive approval. Now that the test at the Washington airport has run its course, Secretary Adams says the Concorde may land at 13 additional airports, if the locals are willing. He added that the federal government would respect local rules that ban the Concorde because of its noise, provided they are "reasonable" and "non-discriminatory." Many of the cities on the list (including Boston, Los Angeles, Seattle and San Francisco) are no more eager to see the plane than New York. Local anti-Concorde movements are springing up in every corner, so that the British and French may have to fight the battle for landing rights 13 times.

In the meantime, Britain effectively has put an end to manufacture of the plane. Having spent one billion dollars on development, Parliament decided to limit losses on production to $350 million. According to an estimate by *Washington Post* reporter Bernard Nossiter, the limit will be passed next summer when the 16th plane is finished. He also estimated that the total British and French losses on the project would amount to more than $3.5 billion. Of the 16 planes built, only nine have been sold, and these to the national airlines of Britain and France. The taxpayers have not been told how large a flop the Concorde appears to be.

Secretary Adams's solution is a fair one, allowing local jurisdictions to set environmental standards that are higher than the federal government's. He might have asserted federal precedence over international commerce, but wisely chose not to force the Concorde upon any unwilling city. His wisdom may have been inspired partly by the view of the federal government's own Environmental Protection Agency, which didn't want to let the Concorde in at all because of its noise. Now everyone should be satisfied. The cities that want the plane may get it; those that don't, won't.

White House Watch

Nixon's Good Guy

In *With Nixon* (Viking; $10.95) Raymond Price remarks that he was "regarded as one of the White House 'good guys'" among a lot of bad guys. That was true and the context of the remark goes far to explain why I find this account of seven and a half years with Richard Nixon both fascinating and troubling.

Price, a sometime journalist who calls himself "a libertarian conservative," went to work for Nixon as a speech writer and idea man on March 1, 1967, when Nixon's second try for the presidency was starting to roll. He drafted Nixon's speech accepting the 1968 nomination, Nixon's first and second inaugural addresses and, beginning in early 1973, the principal speeches and white papers denying involvement in and knowledge of the Watergate crimes that brought Nixon down in August 1974. In one of several passages in the book that for many people though not for me must bring Ray Price's reputation as "a good guy" into question, he tells how he tried to resign from the White House staff in November 1973—"though not in protest and not as an act of moral condemnation." He explains that he hadn't heard any tapes and seen any transcripts. "My doubts about our Watergate case," he writes, "were not so much specific as they were a general concern, by then, that there was more than Nixon had admitted to, more than I had been told. . . . Even if he were guilty, I wanted him to win the fight, to complete his term of office, to finish the work that he had begun. But I knew that if my doubts were reinforced by the

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hard evidence that I suspected was there, it would be difficult for me to go on arguing his innocence. . . . If he were guilty, I wanted the ball carried for him by advocates who were more comfortable than I would be arguing a case they didn't believe in."

So on November 26 he wrote in a memo to Nixon that "I no longer feel able personally to argue our Watergate case" and that he therefore wanted to get out—"but to do so, of course, without acknowledging that this is a contributing reason." Alexander Haig, the Army general who had succeeded H. R. Haldeman as White House staff chief after Haldeman and John Ehrlichman were fired on April 30, held back the memo and urged Price to stay or at least postpone departure. "The President needed me, he insisted, and beyond this there was the 'cosmetic' problem—how my resignation would be interpreted. I was regarded as one of the White House 'good guys' and if I resigned it would be made to appear as a renunciation of the embattled President." Price dallied and let Nixon dragoon him into more assignments, including what would be this President's last State of the Union message.

Price was not unique. Others among Nixon's best—Leonard Garment, Bryce Harlow (briefly) and Price's successor as chief of the White House writing staff, David Gergen—stayed with Nixon despite doubts that grew into certainty of his guilt. Ray Price, though, is unique in the frankness with which he sets forth the logic and morality (or amorality, some will surely say) that governed him. "In Watergate," he says, "I was less concerned with whether there had been an obstruction of justice than I was with whether Nixon would have a chance to complete what he had begun, domestically and internationally. This, it seemed to me, was where the real stakes lay for the nation and the world. I care less about whether a President breaks a law than I do about whether he keeps the peace."

The least satisfactory passages in the book are those in which Price tries to define what he calls "the Nixon Revolution." This is partly for a reason that no writer about Nixon could overcome. The reason is simply that the impression, the surviving image, of Richard Nixon is so colored by Watergate, by his fall, and by the creature that he showed himself to be in his five televised interviews with David Frost, that even so tolerant a reader as myself—and I'm supposed by many people to be sinfully tolerant in this matter—finds it just about impossible to grant serious and respectful discussion of Nixon the respect that Price accords and demands. Also and in part, it's because Price shows himself in this book to be much more obsessed than I perceived him to be during his White House years with a malign host of Nixon enemies whom he variously identifies as "the old elite," "the fashionable elite," "fashionable liberals," "liberal activists" in the media, in politics, in business, in "the establishment." Much that he says about them and their gut dislike and distrust of Richard Nixon is true. But this admirer of Ray Price is surprised by the vigor with which he belabors a horse that cruder Nixon types and harsher conservatives—Spiro Agnew, James Keogh, Pat Buchanan come to mind—beat to the ground long ago. Nevertheless, Price's argument that to see and remember the Nixon administration solely in terms of Watergate "is not only to distort history but to deny history" is sound. A sample of his efforts to justify the argument with discussion of "the Nixon Revolution" follows.

"In terms of international relations," he writes, "the Nixon Revolution was not a contest over ultimate goals. He and the old elite both wanted peace. They both cherished this country's free political system and hoped it could serve as a model for other nations which had not yet achieved it or which had enjoyed it but lost it. But it did represent a conflict over priorities, over how peace could best be achieved, over what price should be paid to achieve it, and over the criteria for intervention in disputes within and among other nations.

"Domestically, Nixon meant what he said about returning power to the people—and by the people he did not mean the self-appointed spokesmen of the people. He meant the people themselves. And the people themselves protested increasingly that they did not want to be pushed around, they did not want to be experimented with, they did not want to be taxed, they did not want to be herded, they did not want to be driven, they did not want to be lectured at and patronized and catered to. . . . He had millions of passionate supporters just as he had millions of passionate detractors. But his supporters were mostly found in those places where the arbiters of intellectual fashion seldom ventured. . . . They found in Richard Nixon not only a kindred spirit but also one whom they respected because he respected them. . . . Just as he touched basic, primitive emotions in those who hated him, so too did he touch basic, primitive emotions in those who defended him."

Price comes close to saying, but stops short of saying, that Nixon was and is nuts. In Price's words: "One part of Richard Nixon is exceptionally generous, exceptionally caring, sentimental, generous of spirit, kind. Another part is coldly calculating, devious, craftily manipulative. A third part is angry, vindictive, ill-tempered, mean-spirited. Those of us who have worked with Nixon over the years often refer to his 'light side' and his 'dark side.' The calculating, devious manipulative parts are ones that I consign to neither side: These are necessary tools of statecraft. But the light side and the dark side are both there, and over the years these have been at constant war with one another. . . . While both are part of the 'real' Nixon, the light side is by far the larger part, more central, the one that he himself identifies with. . . . Because of this constant conflict, he has always needed people around him who would help the lighter side prevail: who, when

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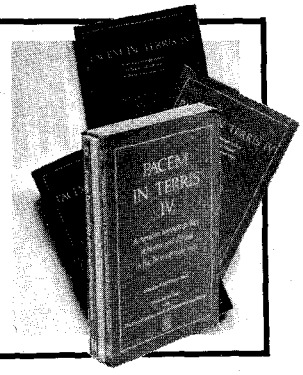

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he issued an outrageous order, would quietly let it sit for awhile until he calmed down, and then either ignore it or ask him whether he really wanted it done. For years Rose Mary Woods routinely did this. I did it. Bob Haldeman did it far more than most people realize. . . . " Price says that Charles Colson, prisoner turned prison evangelist since his Watergate conviction, personified and served Nixon's dark side. Price once asked John Mitchell "just what the hell Colson's constituency was." Mitchell answered: "The President's worst instincts."

Price toys at the end of his book with what I have called "the devil theory" that somebody trapped the Watergate burglars into their burgle and set up other episodes in the sequence that ruined Nixon. Who done it? The Democrats? Minions of the late Howard Hughes in league with the CIA? "Since few other explanations seem to make much sense," Price writes, "let us sit back for a moment and suppose—hypothesize, theorize." After pages of such rigmarole, Price makes it sillier than it would be at best when he sums up: "None of this, even if true, excuses the White House or the Committee to Re-Elect the President. The break-ins and the bugging did take place and, at one level or another, they were approved by our people for what were perceived to be our own reasons."

Ray Price's most recent service to Richard Nixon was to help him with his forthcoming book. The devil theory was not in the Nixon draft as of September 28. But it could turn up and if it does, assuming a continuing lack of proof, it will do Nixon no more credit than it does Price.

John Osborne

Making friends with Fidel, for fun and profit.

The Cuban Hustle

by Jonathan Miller

One traditional strategy for power, prestige and prosperity is to enlist in someone's presidential election campaign. An interesting aspect of this strategy is that it isn't fatal if your candidate loses. If he wins, of course, you end up with a desk at the Executive Office Building, a handsome salary and the knowledge that when the administration ends, something lucrative undoubtedly will come up. But proximity to the failed sometimes can be translated into a comfortable post-election career too.

A good example of this is Kirby Jones. At age 35 he has failed not once, but twice to predict who the next President will be. Jones always had imagined himself as headed for an important role in a future liberal Democratic administration. He worked hard to accomplish this ambition ever since graduating from the University of North Carolina 15 years ago. In 1963 Jones joined the Peace Corps, which taught him Spanish and sent him to Santo Domingo in the Dominican Republic for a couple years. Then he returned to a job on the Latin American desk of the Peace Corps. By 1968 Jones was a top aide in Robert Kennedy's campaign. After Kennedy's assassination and Richard Nixon's victory, Jones went to work for Ted Van Dyk Associates, a Washington political consulting firm. In 1971 he left to go to work for the McGovern campaign, where he eventually became press secretary. After McGovern lost, Jones started his own consulting firm, called the National Executive Conference, specializing in introducing businessmen to government officials. Kirby Jones's current and most successful operation is essentially similar, with the interesting distinction that the government officials are Cuban.

To observe Jones's accomplishment at its most dramatic it is necessary to go to José Marti international airport in Havana, Cuba. Most months Jones can be observed there, hustling through customs a fresh consignment of perspiring American businessmen. The executives are paying Jones large sums of money to be put in touch with what the financial pages refer to as "the potentially lucrative Cuban market." Trade with

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the Cubans has been illegal under the embargo imposed by President Kennedy in 1962. But the business community sees signs that this state of affairs soon may change. To be among the first through the sugar cane curtain will mean big profits. To be among the first to get through, Kirby Jones has convinced people, involves paying Kirby Jones.

This fact has been certified by a number of sources, including *Replica*, the Miami-based newspaper of the anti-Castro Cuban emigre community, and Jones himself. In a front page headline a few months ago, *Replica* put it like this: "*Kirby Jones Identifican al 'hombre que hay que ver' par ir a Cuba,*" which means, "Kirby Jones is identified as the man to see to go to Cuba." Jones puts it this way: "There is a right way to do things and an impractical way." The right way, he says, is to call Jones.

The idea of Kirby Jones as a trade link to the Castro regime seems, on the surface, preposterous. He has no training or experience in international trade. His only government experience was as a minor official of the Peace Corps. He never set foot in Cuba until 1974. But Jones seems endowed with the most important talent for the successful practioner of the art of consultantship: self assurance. And while his friends are amused by his new role, at least 100 American corporations have been sufficiently impressed to invest in one of Jones's guided tours of socialism's tropical paradise. Jones's expensive expeditions have included representatives of giants like Xerox, McDonnell-Douglas, Honeywell, Prudential Insurance and Caterpillar Tractor. Jones's list of clients also includes some smaller and even esoteric concerns, including the Hukuba-Cowdery Corp., which hopes to sell the Cubans its line of carpet sweepers, and the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, which would like to open a Cuban market for the ministry's born-again religious books.

It should come as no surprise that these Yankee capitalists are interested in Cuba. The economic boycott of Cuba undoubtedly retarded Cuban development for a while, but it quite obviously has failed to choke the revolution in the bud. In the meantime, this traditional American foreign market has been invaded by the US's economic competitors: the Japanese, the Canadians, the Europeans and of course the Soviet Union. Trade with the Cubans could quickly become worth half a billion dollars a year following the lifting of the embargo, a step which is seen as inevitable and even imminent by many American businessmen.

The problem is that the absence of regular trade

Photo by Marty Nordstrom

Kirby Jones with friend.

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contacts for almost two decades has led to atrophy of the traditional commercial links. The Cubans are unsophisticated in their appreciation of what American business has to offer and the Americans are at a loss in Cuba. Jones, accurately spotting this, has stepped in as the middleman and is well on the way to establishing a monopoly for himself as the crucial link in expanding trade negotiations between the two countries.

More than half a century ago a young doctor named Armand Hammer grew rich by acting as the middleman between American capitalists and the new Soviet government in Russia (and picked up a priceless collection of decadent bourgeois art in the process). The key to his success was the personal relationship he developed with Lenin, as a result of his efforts to relieve a disastrous Russian famine. Similarly, Jones's success is attributable to the personal relationship he has developed with Fidel Castro. This relationship dates back three years to a 1974 project in which he was involved along with McGovern's former campaign manager, Frank Mankiewicz. At loose ends, the pair flew down to Havana to make a television documentary featuring several conversations with Castro. The documentary was sold to CBS, which aired it as *CBS Reports: Castro, Cuba and the USA*. Castro approved of the documentary and the spin-off book written by Mankiewicz and Jones, *With Fidel*. Castro liked the book so much he had it translated into Spanish and published by his government printing house. Jones also made quite a personal impression on Fidel. Tom Capra, a producer for ABC News, visited Cuba earlier this year and reports that the first thing Fidel said to him when they met in Havana was, "You look like Kirby Jones."

Jones plies his trade through a creation called Alamar Associates. There is no person called Alamar and there are really no associates, either. Alamar Associates, named after a Cuban housing development, is a closely held corporation employing just three people: Jones, the president; Norman Sherman, a former aide to Hubert Humphrey; and an administrative assistant *cum* secretary. Alamar operates from a suite in an office building near the White House. The visitor notices a telex machine, stacks of literature about Cuba and boxes of Havana cigars.

The story around town is that buying Alamar's red carpet service can cost a corporation multiple thousands of dollars a year. Exactly how many thousands Jones will not say. In return for this money Jones will provide the full gamut of consultative services and will escort the enthusiastic client directly to Havana via chartered business jet. In Cuba, Jones introduces the corporate emissaries to important Cubans like Marcelo Fernandez, the minister of foreign trade, and even to Fidel himself. To demonstrate their approval of Jones's mission, the Cubans lay on paella dinners, chauffered cars and tall, cool daiquiris by the pool of the Habana Libre hotel (*né* the Havana Hilton).

To date Jones has escorted two dozen corporate representatives to Havana on these deluxe terms. He also has set up an arrangement to make it easy for a wider selection of companies to visit Cuba without purchasing the more amorphous consulting services. This is Alamar's group tour in which Jones charters an airliner, fills it up with 50 or 60 executives and a couple of dozen reporters and flies it down to the island for four or five days of merrymaking and meetings.

Nobody is signing any business contracts with the Cubans while on these excursions. To do so would be illegal. But there is no doubt that the businessmen who have gone on these junkets have come back impressed with Cuba's desire to do business. Safely back home in Minneapolis and Chicago, these executives are emerging as a pro-Cuba lobby whose effusive stories about the treatment they received in Havana have made them general ambassadors of good will.

One such executive is Sheldon Rockler, a Minnesota furrier who took a trip to Cuba with 50 other executives in April. He returned without much hope that his firm could do business with the Cubans (who have no great need for mink coats). But he was full of enthusiasm for the quality of the junket. "They wined and dined us and pretty much gave us the freedom to go where we wanted," he said. "When Castro walked in with his entourage it was very dramatic. It was pretty much the highpoint of the trip." As for Alamar Associates, Rockler said: "It was very well organized. They did a beautiful job."

Jones has organized two of these group trips thus far this year. It is worth examining their economics for a clue to the profitability of Alamar. The 50 Minnesota

The New American Hustler

One hundred years ago an eager young American in search of riches would most likely aspire to found a great industrial or retailing empire. If he succeeded, such a person probably would adopt a conservative political stance—and with good reason, having a lot to conserve. The post-industrial, mixed-economy era has deflected some of today's young hustlers off of this traditional course. There is a modern path to riches, with three common characteristics. First, what is being marketed tends to be more amorphous or ephemeral, and several steps removed from the production of goods and services that actually add to the national prosperity. Second, these operations often depend on the existence of a large government sector, either as a customer or as a generator of the need for their services. And third, the promoters tend to be politically liberal, and have found some way of making money out of it. *The New Republic* proposes to look at a few of these new American hustlers in an occasional series of articles.

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businessmen paid $1500 each to take the trip, representing a $75,000 billing by Alamar. Alamar paid Northwest Orient Airlines $23,000 for the charter of the 93-passenger Boeing 727 and paid the Cubans $18,000 for the hotel and meals. Because the plane also carried two dozen journalists and technicians, whose employers paid Alamar $500 each (and paid for their own hotel and meal bills), Alamar appears to be left with a profit on the trip in excess of $50,000. Even deducting other expenses, such as printing and preparatory trips to Cuba to arrange the tour, the return on the whole operation appears healthy.

On the second trip this past July, 68 Chicago-area executives paid Alamar $2000 each—$136,000. The charter cost $35,000 and the Cubans charged $25,000. Two dozen more press and TV personnel helped pay for the plane, and even though Alamar split the profits with the Chicago sponsor of the trip, it looks as if more than $30,000 was left over.

Jones clearly is uncomfortable talking about his profits. But he does not deny he is making a considerable sum. He insists, "Everybody gets their money's worth. The businessmen are happy. The Cubans are happy. This is my business. I'm proud to be successful at what I do." Jones is organizing a third trip for this fall in which 50 to 75 corporate representatives from the Boston area will make the pilgrimage to Havana. The sponsor of the trip is Massachusetts Lieutenant Governor Thomas P. O'Neill, III, son of the House majority leader (and known in Massachusetts political circles as "the tiplet"). O'Neill, who will pay his own way on the trip, has been keeping himself occupied in his state job as a sort of unofficial trade ambassador for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This whirligig of activity has made Jones into quite a celebrity. He regularly attains Grand Slam coverage—defined as coverage on all three television networks, in *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* and on both American wire services—for his excursions, mainly as a result of his clever policy of letting the press know about the trips beforehand and offering them both an angle and cheap air travel. Jones can be seen at the diplomatic functions of Cuba's new interest section in Washington. He is both organizing and featuring himself on a growing Cuban lecture circuit. He has made his organization so indispensable to the Cubans that when their diplomats recently arrived in Washington they turned to Alamar for help in settling in. Jones has carefully exploited his political connections to lend respectability to his endeavor. His friend, George McGovern, probably is the leading Cuba booster in the Senate. McGovern has visited Castro and secured an invitation for a South Dakota basketball squad to visit the island. (The South Dakotans were soundly thrashed.) Norman Sherman, Alamar's vice-president, was Hubert Humphrey's press secretary when Humphrey was Vice President. Humphrey played a key role in persuading the Minnesota group to visit Cuba. The Minnesotans stopped off in Washington on their way south so Humphrey could give them a pep talk, impressing on them the need for friendly relations with Havana.

Jones's sense of timing is impeccable. The new administration is on record in favor of increased ties with the Cubans. The arguments in favor of resuming trade relations are becoming increasingly persuasive. To this extent, Jones has an easy job. There are ten million Cubans. They are hardly a consumer economy, but compared to others in this hemisphere they are far from poverty stricken. The island has a well-developed fishing industry and is strong in sugar, citrus and tobacco agriculture. Cuba used to be a major resort for Americans and stands to profit handsomely from a resumption of mass travel from the United States. All these activities can be expected to earn dollars for the Cubans—dollars which the Cubans are most certainly going to spend in the US. The Cubans are keen to import American grains and rice. Neither of these grows well on their island. The US can supply Cuba from Gulf Coast ports that are hours rather than weeks from Cuba's harbors. The Cuban economy is in desperate need of American farming and industrial machinery, which are among the most cost-competitve and highest quality available anywhere.

Given the obvious promise of Cuban-American trade, and the apparent momentum toward resuming it, the question naturally arises: Who needs Kirby Jones? Well, Jones has made it clear to various corporations that they are free to try and bypass him. Many have tried, have written directly to the Cubans, and have heard nothing in reply. If Jones is conning anyone it is not his American clients, but rather Dr. Fidel Castro. Having apparently gained Castro's trust, Jones began approaching the American capitalists. For these corporations, there is little risk in dealing with Jones. Laying out a few thousand dollars to make connections and meet people in Cuba is a minimal and potentially lucrative investment. Once the operation has begun, there is a bandwagon effect: his list of clients becomes as powerful an endorsement as Castro's itself in attracting new ones.

The Cubans are hardly proselytizing the American executives Jones takes to Cuba about the joys of Communism. To the contrary, they are speaking in a language easily understood. "Here we are speaking as businessmen," Castro told the Minnesota delegation. Jones has adopted the same tack. In a recent article in *Skeptic*, he brushed aside the political considerations, resting his arguments solely on economic considerations. Pictures of the Kennedy brothers still hang in his office but they may be more decorative than ideological. Jones never made the White House, but he has found that no longer matters. As an honored guest at the presidential palace in Havana, Jones has found his success.

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Out, Damned Spot

by Vern Countryman

In 1951 Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Morton Sobell were convicted of conspiracy to commit espionage. Judge Irving R. Kaufman presided over their trial in the federal district court in Manhattan. The Rosenbergs were electrocuted in 1953. In 1975 their sons sued the FBI and other federal agencies under the Freedom of Information Act, seeking all documents relating to the Rosenberg prosecution. So far, the FBI has turned over 30,000 pages of documents.

The FBI documents—internal memos and letters to the agency from outsiders—leave the fundamental issue of the Rosenbergs' guilt or innocence as murky as ever. But these files do contain some fascinating and shocking information about the conduct of Judge Kaufman, both during the trail and in the decades since. Ten years after the Rosenberg trial Irving Kaufman was promoted to the US Circuit Court of Appeals. Kaufman has spent 26 years on the federal bench since the Rosenberg case, 16 of them on the Circuit Court of Appeals. He has a considerable reputation. You would have supposed he would be eager to put the sordid Rosenberg affair behind him. These documents suggest that, on the contrary, Kaufman is obsessed by the Rosenberg case. He appears to be constantly on the lookout for efforts to reopen the case—in the public media or in the courts—and seems eager to enlist the FBI in efforts to suppress any such challenges to his trial back in 1951.

During the trial itself (if these FBI documents can be relied upon), Kaufman seems to have been in regular contact with the Justice Department prosecution staff, who were in turn passing information to the FBI. In the middle of the trial, before the defense had put on any witnesses, a Justice Department official told an FBI agent he knew the judge would impose the death penalty if the Rosenbergs were convicted, "if he doesn't change his mind." After the jury returned its guilty verdict and two days before sentencing, assistant prosecutor Roy Cohn told an FBI agent that Judge Kaufman "personally favored" the death penalty for the Rosenbergs and would give a prison term to Sobell. Needless to say, this kind of *ex parte* (out-of-court) communication with the prosecution—discussing the sentence before the trial is over—is highly improper.

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Lady Macbeth *by F. A. M. Retzsch (1779-1857)*
From the Art Collection of the Folger Shakespeare Library

Kaufman appears to have been even more determined than the Eisenhower administration to achieve a death penalty. On the day before sentencing, Kaufman asked the prosecutor, Irving Saypol, to obtain the views of the Department of Justice on what the sentences should be. This is standard operating procedure. But when Saypol reported back that the views within the department were divided, Judge Kaufman asked him not to make any recommendation. Saypol obliged, and Kaufman thereupon sentenced the Rosenbergs to death and Sobell to a 30-year prison term. During sentencing Kaufman declared, "Because of the seriousness of this case, and the lack of precedence [sic], I have refrained from asking the government for a recommendation." This was untrue. He apparently *did* ask for a recommendation, then changed his mind when it appeared the recommendation would not be severe enough. He thus concealed the fact that the Justice Department was not prepared to recommend the death penalty.

In 1956, after the Rosenbergs had been executed, Sobell filed a motion for a new trial. Judge Kaufman

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told an assistant prosecutor that if the motion came before him he would deny it without a hearing. The motion was assigned to Judge Kaufman and he did deny it without a hearing. In doing so he complained that improper *ex parte* approaches had been made to him, but asserted that "safeguards and procedures" developed by the American judicial system had been "the sole guide posts for this Court." Presumably Kaufman was referring to the Canons of Judicial Ethics adopted by the American Bar Association. At the time of the Rosenberg trial, these canons provided that, "Ordinarily all communications of counsel to the judge intended or calculated to influence action should be made known to opposing counsel." Needless to say, Kaufman had not told the Rosenbergs' lawyers about these approaches.

Kaufman continued to interfere in the Rosenberg case after it had left his jurisdiction. In February 1953, while the Rosenbergs had a petition for certiorari pending in the Supreme Court, Judge Kaufman called the FBI and expressed concern that the Supreme Court would not dispose of the case before its spring adjournment. He urged that the Justice Department be encouraged to "push the matter vigorously." Kaufman delivered the same message to an assistant prosecutor, who then strongly recommended to the Justice Department that it ask the Supreme Court to expedite consideration of the case. In May 1953, the Court denied this petition for certiorari.

On June 15, 1953, the Supreme Court denied the Rosenberg's application for stay of execution, then adjourned for the summer. On June 16, a new application for stay was filed with Justice Douglas. On June 17, Kaufman called the FBI to pass on some information he had learned from an assistant prosecutor: as of 7:30 pm on June 16, Justice Douglas had been disposed to grant the stay, but after dinner he was undecided. He also reported that the Attorney General and Chief Justice Vinson had met and decided that if Douglas granted a stay Vinson would reconvene the Court. Justice Douglas granted a stay of execution on June 17, a special term of Court was called on June 18, it vacated the stay on June 19, and the Rosenbergs were executed.

In September 1957, Kaufman told an FBI public relations man that he was "very much upset" by a question raised for the first time in Sobell's 1956 motion for a new trial. The question arose from a 1952 Supreme Court decision in the *Grunewald* case that it is unconstitutional for the prosecution in a criminal trial to cross-examine the defendant about having asserted the Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination before the grand jury that indicted him or her. Since the government had been allowed to cross-examine Ethel Rosenberg on this point, Kaufman was afraid that the court might upset the case unless the Department vigorously defended it, which he urged it to do. In the event, the Supreme Court denied certiorari.

The *Grunewald* precedent continued to worry Judge Kaufman. In 1962 the district court denied another Sobell motion for a new trial, he appealed, and the appeal was argued before the Court of Appeals. Judge Kaufman had been elevated to that court, but did not sit on this appeal. Nevertheless, he took an interest in the appellate arguments, during which Judge (now Mr. Justice) Thurgood Marshall asked whether the *Grunewald* decision would not have required a reversal of Sobell's conviction if it had occurred after that decision, and the assistant prosecutor replied, "probably." This incited another phone call to the FBI. According to their memo of the call, Kaufman declared that, "The *Grunewald* decision is not good law and in his opinion certainly does not apply to this case"; that the assistant prosecutor's answer was "stupid"; that the Bureau might want to report this man to the Department of Justice; and that he had "raised hell" with Marshall, whom he characterized as "naive and inexperienced." The Court of Appeals affirmed the denial of Sobell's motion for a new trial.

If these FBI papers are accurate, they reveal a judge so obsessed with protecting the verdict, judgment, and sentence entered in the trial over which he presided that he was driven to conduct completely unacceptable from a judicial officer. Much of it would be unacceptable even from a prosecuting attorney.

Kaufman also has attempted to stifle criticism of the Rosenberg case outside the courts. In November 1957, Kaufman called FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover to say he had learned that Sobell's wife was going to talk to Jim Bishop, who was writing a book on the Rosenberg case. He suggested that an FBI official warn Bishop against talking with her. In 1969 Kaufman called Hoover to discuss a play about the Rosenberg case then being performed in Cleveland. Kaufman was "alarmed" that the *New York Times* had reviewed the play twice. Five days later Kaufman wrote to Hoover thanking him for "furnishing me the background information" on the play's author and sending Hoover a copy of a letter written to the *New York Times* by Simon Rifkind. Rifkind, a recurring minor player in Kaufman's own passion play, served on the federal district court with Judge Kaufman. He left the bench in 1950 to return to a lucrative law practice. He not infrequently appears before Judge Kaufman, as do others in his law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison. In his letter to the *Times* Rifkind complained of the "generous allocation of space" to the play because "both reporters, as well as the play" presented the Rosenbergs as innocent. He said that in view of the number of courts and judges involved in the case, this was a slur on American justice.

On a 1974 visit to FBI headquarters, Kaufman expressed displeasure about two television programs dealing with the Rosenberg case, and advised the FBI

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that Simon Rifkind was writing an article for *TV Guide* giving the true facts about the case. The article duly appeared and reiterated the theme that no one whose case had been reviewed by so many courts and judges could have been wrongly convicted.

In May 1975, Judge Kaufman called the FBI to express his concern about an article in *Esquire* on the Rosenberg case, and about recent activities of the National Committee to Reopen the Rosenberg Case. He urged that "some counteraction should be taken."

Thus, if the FBI papers are accurate, a judge who had sworn to uphold the Constitution, including the first amendment, has been attempting to suppress the exercise of freedom of speech and the press.

But the FBI papers only raise questions; they do not provide answers. No FBI reports can be given that much credence, even when they were compiled with no particular incentive to falsify. The letters apparently written by Judge Kaufman and others to the FBI must be verified. So must the statements in the FBI memos which, as supporters of Judge Kaufman point out, contain hearsay three and four times removed. By March 1976, the American Bar Association was sufficiently concerned about mounting criticism of the case and the judge to establish a special Subcommittee to Review and Evaluate the Rosenberg Case. Its functions were defined thusly: first, "to make certain that public respect for law and the judicial process is not subverted by unfounded charges"; and second, "whenever necessary, to counteract unwarranted criticism directed to . . . Judge Irving Kaufman." Simon Rifkind was named chairman of the subcommittee.

After the Rosenbergs' sons released the FBI papers in June 1976, more than 100 law professors joined me in a letter to the House and Senate Judiciary Committees, asking for an investigation of the issues raised by those documents.

A copy of this letter came into the hands of Simon Rifkind. In September 1976, he dispatched a five-page letter of remonstrance to me. He asserted that Roy Cohn had recently denied having discussed sentencing with Judge Kaufman. But otherwise Rifkind did not challenge the contents of the FBI documents. Rather, he reiterated his theme that the trial must have been fair since so many judges had reviewed it (although no judge has reviewed it since the FBI papers were released); he pointed with pride to Judge Kaufman's "shining reputation" since the Rosenberg case; and he asserted that it was "common practice" for judges to receive *ex parte* communications after verdict and before sentencing from "all sorts of people," citing a wildly inapposite 1949 case. In fact, every federal Court of Appeals that had ruled on the question at the time Judge Rifkind wrote to me had held improper an *ex parte* communication from the prosecutor to the judge after verdict or guilty plea and before sentencing. Judge Kaufman's own court ruled this way in 1973. Only last March the Supreme Court held that it was a violation of the due process clause to sentence a defendant on the basis of a probation officer's report without disclosing the contents of the report to the defendant.

As his final point, Rifkind said I was too willing "to leap to inferences from meager premises," because I was still "acting in the role of advocate" for Morton Sobell. (In 1966 I participated in an effort to get Sobell a new trial. Today Sobell has been released from prison and has no action pending). Rifkind on the other hand, wrote to me in his "private capacity and not as Chairman of the ABA Committee concerned with the Rosenberg case."

At least I heard from Rifkind. I have never heard from the chairman of either of the Judiciary Committees. I have received individual responses from a few committee members manifesting varying degrees of interest. Unfortunately the most affirmative response came from one who shortly thereafter became ex-Senator John Tunney. In March of this year, Senator James Abourezk advised me that neither had any plans to act on the matter.

A colleague of mine who is a member of the prestigious Association of the Bar of the City of New York requested the Association to investigate Judge Kaufman. He was officially advised that the Association found no basis for investigation. Most of the federal appellate practice of the Association's members is in Judge Kaufman's court.

In March of this year the American Civil Liberties Union adopted a resolution urging the Judiciary Committees of the House and Senate to investigate the relationship of Judge Kaufman with the prosecution in the Rosenberg case. The *New York Times* weighed in with an editorial condemning the ACLU's action. The editorial followed familiar themes: The Rosenbergs' trial must have been fair since it was reviewed by so many judges and Judge Kaufman's conduct since that time has been "exemplary." The *Times* declared that the ACLU request "would never have been made were it not for the efforts of a group in the union that wishes to reopen the case"—neither a penetrating observation nor a devastating critique. One month later the *New York Post* published a heated editorial advocating swift penalties for state court judges guilty of the *ex parte* fixing of traffic tickets.

So there matters stand. The unreviewed conduct attributed to Judge Kaufman by the FBI papers probably will remain unreviewed. If all of the statements in these papers are true, few will be found to say that the judge's conduct was proper or that a fair trial was had. If they are false in whole or in part, Kaufman might be vindicated. Obviously the resolution of those issues is less important to those in power than allowing the judge to remain undisturbed in his declining years. Meanwhile other judges should feel free to emulate the behavior that Judge Kaufman's friend Simon Rifkind describes as "common practice."

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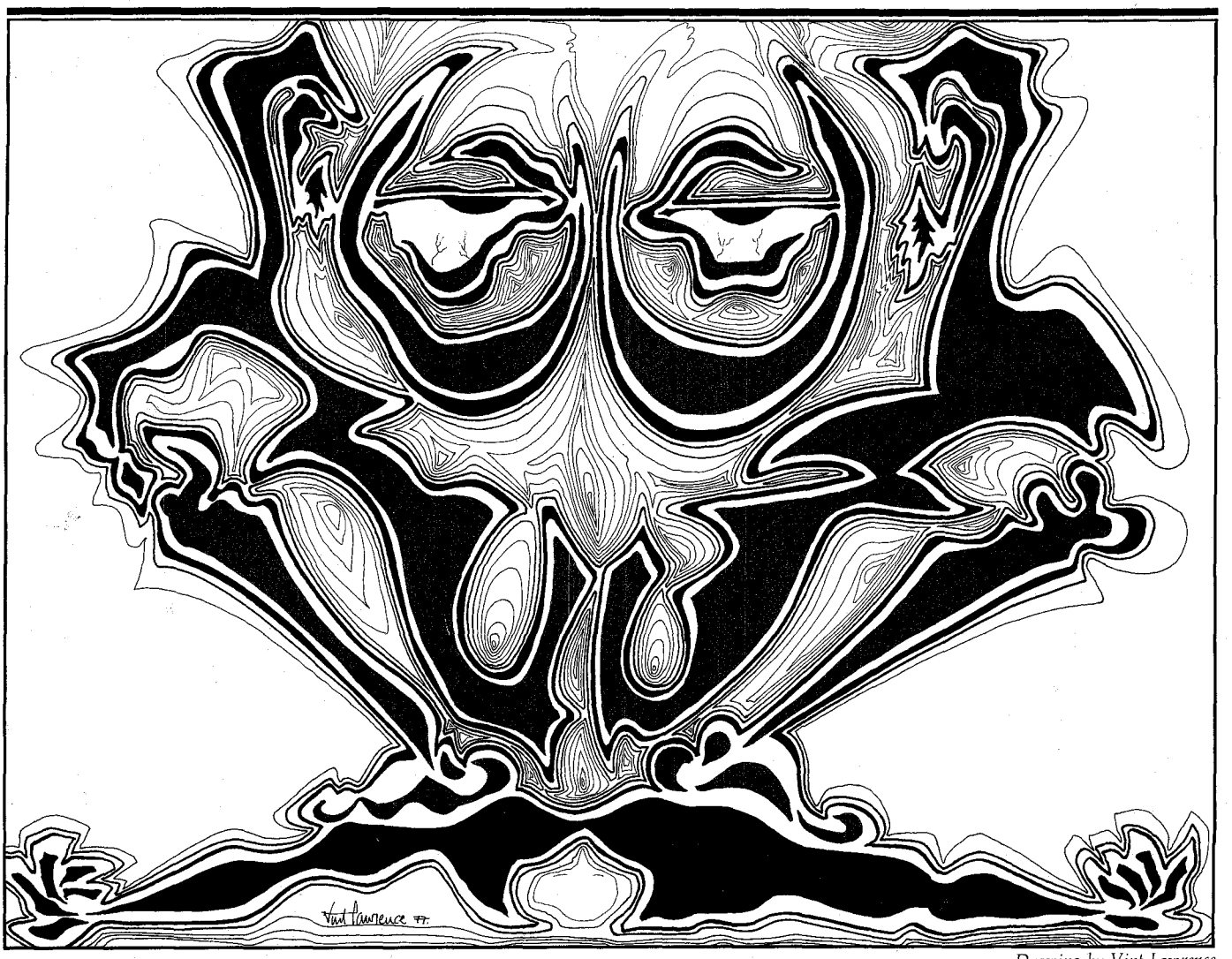

Drawing by Vint Lawrence

Lust or Luxuria

by Henry Fairlie

Lust is not interested in its partners, but only in the gratification of its own craving: not even in the satisfaction of our whole natures, but in the appeasement merely of an appetite which we are unable to subdue. It is therefore a form of self-subjection; in fact of self-emptying. The sign it wears is: "This property is vacant." Anyone may take possession of it for a while. Lustful people may think that they can choose a partner at will for sexual gratification. But they do not really choose; they accept what is available. Lust accepts any partner for a momentary service; anyone may squat in its groin.

Love has meaning only insofar as it includes the idea of its continuance. Even what we rather glibly call a love affair, it if comes to an end, may continue as a memory that is pleasing in our lives, and we can still renew the sense of privilege and reward of having been allowed to know someone with such intimacy and sharing. But Lust dies at the next dawn and, when it returns in the evening, to search where it may, it is with its own past erased. Love wants to enjoy in other ways the human being whom it has enjoyed in bed. But in the morning Lust is always furtive. It dresses as mechanically as it undressed, and heads straight for the door, to return to its own solitude. Like all the sins, it makes us solitary. It is a self-abdication at the very heart of one's own being, of our need and ability to give and receive.

Love is involvement as well as continuance; but Lust will not get involved. This is one of the forms in which we may see it today. If people now engage in indiscriminate and short-lived relationships more than in the past, it is not really for some exquisite sexual pleasure that is thus gained, but because they refuse to become involved and to meet the demands that love makes. They are asking for little more than servicing, such as they might get at a gas station. The fact that it

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may go to bed with a lot of people is less its offense than the fact that it goes to bed with people for whom it does not care. The characteristic of the "singles" today is not the sexual freedom they supposedly enjoy, but the fact that this freedom is a deception. They are free with only a fraction of their natures. The full array of human emotions is hardly involved. The "singles bar" does not have an obnoxious odor because its clients, before the night is over, may hop into bed with someone whom they have just met, but because they do not even consider that, beyond the morning, either of them may care for the other. As they have made deserts of themselves, so they make deserts of their beds. This is the sin of Lust. Just as it dries up human beings, so it dries up human relationships. The word that comes to mind, when one thinks of it, is that it is parched. Everyone in a "singles bar" seems to have lost moisture, and this is peculiarly the accomplishment of Lust, to make the flesh seem parched, to deprive it of all real dewiness, shrivelling it to no more than a husk.

Lust is not a sin *of* the flesh so much as a sin *against* it. We are present in our flesh to the rest of creation, and particularly we are present in it to each other, revealing and exposing, sensitive to others and even vulnerable to them. When one hears people talk today of the sexual act as if it were rather like emptying one's bladder, one wishes to remind them that people still get hurt. They get hurt in their bodies, not merely from slappings and beatings and whippings, but from more subtle humiliations of which our sexual feelings are registers. Lust is a humiliation of the flesh, of another's and of one's own; and it is a perversity of our time that, in the name of a freedom which is delusive, we not only tolerate this humiliation, but exalt it as a wonder of the modern age.

We have reduced love to sex, sex to the act, and the act to a merely quantitative measurement of it. Sexual love can have infinite expressions, not all of which need to be consummated in the act, and it is this variety of expression that Lust will always diminish. It is not only solitary but uninventive in the slaking of its thirst. Whatever may be said for the sexual investigations that we today pursue and read so avidly, it cannot be denied that they are a little single-minded in their approach to the questions they raise. "People now seem to have sex on their minds," Malcolm Muggeridge once said, "which is a peculiar place to have it." Our obsession with sex is in fact a misplacing and a trivialization of it: a preoccupation with it which has no association with the rest of our lives.

More than we care to admit, we all have become voyeurs. "We live in an age in which voyeurism is no longer the side line of the solitary deviate," writes William F. May, "but rather a national pastime, fully institutionalized and naturalized in the mass media." The puritan makes the mistake of thinking that to have sex continually on view is an incitement to it. But it in fact weakens the feelings and passions that sex can and should arouse. Pornographic literature and films do not incite us to strenuous emulation. On the contrary, they are substitutes, evidence not of the strength of our sexual feelings, but of their weakness. We can and usually do indulge in them by ourselves; no one else has to be there; and we have to do nothing with even our own sexuality, except possibly to manipulate ourselves. They are again substitutes for involvement with another person. If they make us Lust at all, it is not for sexual experience with someone else, but merely for the empty cravings and gratifications of Lust itself. We reduce ourselves to the final absurdity: that we will lust after Lust.

What is left to Lust when its cravings at last subside, as subside in the end they will? It is alone. It has died. It has made no bonds, and is in the desert which it has made, with no longer even a craving. It is in its own black hole, where no vice can reach it, and from which its own voice cannot get out. It has collapsed into nothingness. It has burned itself out. Our excessive fear of old age is the fear that must be expected in a society in which Lust has been made a dominating motive. We would not fear it so much, if we did not fear that it will be empty; and we would not fear so much that it will be empty, if we had not emptied our lives already in the pursuit of mere cravings.

To be interested only in pursuit and not in the attainment, to give so much of one's energy only to the seduction, is a prescription for making a desert of one's world and oneself. "Promiscuous love necessitates hypocrisy," Christopher Sykes has said. "To play the part of Don Juan you have to be word-perfect in that of Tartuffe as well." Such hypocrisy is again a form of self-emptying. We become only the words and roles in which we are so practiced, and at last we cannot find who we are behind them. The play of seduction, if it is to be rewarding to the seducer as well as the seduced, requires that their whole personalities be engaged. If love is a journey into another land, then seduction ought to be part of a mutual exploration, to see if the land may be entered and enjoyed together. Lust is incapable of this play, it is not interested in exploring, it does not want to enter any land. But perhaps above all, it has no personality of its own to bring to the encounter, with which to bring into play the personality of the other.

If love is continuance and involvement, perhaps no less it is attention, a constancy of gaze on the object of one's love, so that one may grow to know how to love it as the Other, in all the richness and variety of its aspects. Lust is incapable of this constancy; it has no attention to give. The time span of its interest is determined by the clockwork to which it has reduced its desires. The trouble with sexual infidelity is that it distracts the constancy of our attention to someone else. We remove a part of our gaze, and turn it elsewhere. In fact we remove a part of ourselves, and

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give it elsewhere. What comes between a couple when one of them is unfaithful is not the other woman, or the other man, *but what now cannot be shared by them.* If a mere sexual act were all that is involved, unfaithfulness would not be such an everlasting problem. Even if it is possible to "have sex" (the phrase is revealing) with someone else without loving that person, the fact that no love may have been bestowed elsewhere does not mean that none has been withdrawn.

It is rare for unfaithfulness to do its damage in a single affair. Its danger is that it erodes. Piecemeal it chips away at a relationship, not only at the constancy of our love, but at last at our capacity to love. It empties us of our capacity for loyalty, until we become incapable of forming an enduring relationship with any one individual, whom we have singled out. Our relationships are frayed from the start, like cut-off jeans, because we are no longer capable of discovering the unconditional worth of another human being, or ultimately of oneself. Love requires some effort, but our age encourages us to escape from it. At the first itch of dissatisfaction, the first rankle of difficulty, we can sever the knot, with as little ado as possible, and go to the other side of the fence, where we know that it will be greener.

Perhaps there are few things after which we lust more today than the experiences which we have not so far enjoyed or endured. Since Lust will not take the time or the trouble to explore or develop any relationship to the full, none can satisfy it, and it will whip itself (perhaps an appropriate term in the context) to try anything that will revive its jaded feelings. It is tired of fellatio. Then it will try its hand (hardly the appropriate word in the context) at a little sodomy. Weary of only one partner, it will advance to group sex. Unsure at last of its own sexuality, it will have recourse to bi-sexuality. Bored with the flesh, it will call for chains and leather jackets. Who knows, when, abandoning the last shred of its humanity, it will turn to bestiality? All of this is again often interpreted as a proof that our age is more actively sexual than any before, whereas it is evidence rather that the lustfulness of our age has reduced our sexuality to impotence.

Even the more restrained workouts that are outlined in *The Joy of Sex* amount to instruction for those who live in a time in which the theme and fear of sexual impotence dominate our lives and much of our literature. Our sexuality has been animalized, stripped of the intricacy of feeling with which human beings have endowed it, leaving us to contemplate only the act, and our fear of our impotence in it. It is this animalization from which the sexual manuals cannot escape because they are reflections of it. They might be textbooks for veterinarians, and it is to precisely this kind of dejection that Lust has reduced our sexuality. What ought to be a mutual enchantment, something not on our minds but in our whole beings, is drained of its spontaneous gladness, and the rewards of a long and intricate relationship.

The fascination today with sadism, masochism and fetishism suggests that, just as they reflect a hideous emptiness in the individuals who practice them, they reflect a no less terrible emptiness in our societies. We have said that Lust is a form of self emptying, but there has been emptiness there already. In no other sin does one feel so much of a void, and this void is not only inside, it is also outside in the society. There is a profound failure of our societies to make continuing individual relationships seem part of the much wider social bonds that tie us to them. It is only in and for themselves that they are given any significance, and they are thus emptied of some of their satisfaction. Our fascination with various forms of sexual perversion is a direct result of the fact that our personal relationships now rest only on their own self-justification. It is not surprising that, in such a situation, we say that "anything goes."

There is no more pat shibboleth of our time than the idea that what consenting adults do in private is solely their own business. This is false. What we do in private has repercussions on ourselves, and what we are and believe has repercussions on others. What we do in our own homes will inevitably affect, not only our own behavior outside them, but what we expect and tolerate in the behavior of others. A change in manners or discipline in the family will not leave unchanged the manners and discipline in the wider society. When we recognize how deeply our sexual feelings are registers of our whole beings, it is mere trifling to say that our societies ought not to be constantly alert to the manner in which we employ them.

But if our societies have good reason to be interested in our sexual attitudes and behavior, we have no less reason as individuals to be interested in why our societies have encouraged us to look to sex for such prurient and morbid delectations. The lustful person usually will be found to have only a terrible hollowness at the center of his life, and he is agitated to fill it, not daring to desist lest he should have to confront the desert he has made of himself and his life. He has no spiritual resource to which to turn. But is this not the condition of our societies? They do not know why they are there, except to continue; we hardly know why we are members of them, except to survive. It is all but inevitable in such a condition, with nothing very much outside ourselves to hold our attention for long, that we should agitate the most easily aroused and placable of our physical and emotional urges, if only to reassure ourselves that we are still alive and sentient beings. When our societies reduce most of the rest of life to little more than a series of disconnected episodes, commotions that only distract us, they cannot be surprised that their members reduce their own lives to a series of disconnected encounters, to find distraction in the commotions of their sexual organs.

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We do not see how parched our social landscape has become, because it is studded with gawdy and erotogenic allurements to what we conceive to be a pleasure that is within the easy reach of us all. The managers of our society much prefer that we are infatuated with our sexuality, than that we look long and steadily at what they contrive from day to day. They have little to fear as long as we define ourselves by Kinsey, or Masters and Johnson, or Hite, and find our most revolutionary tract in *The Joy of Sex*. They have discovered that, now that religion has been displaced, sex can be made the opiate of the masses. When the entire society is at last tranquilly preoccupied in the morbid practices of onanism, they will know that there is nothing more for them to do but rule forever over the dead.

The demise of the *Union de la Gauche* will change the political map of Europe.

The Death of Eurocommunism

by Tad Szulc

Paris

The face of European politics—not only French politics—has been drastically altered by the sudden collapse of the five-year-old Socialist-Communist alliance in France. Until days ago the *Union de la Gauche* was expected to win France's Parliamentary elections next March. Most extraordinarily, it was the Communist Party that forced the break with the Socialists, with full knowledge that it was thereby depriving itself of a chance to participate in the government. This participation had been the party's goal since Communist ministers were expelled from France's postwar regime 30 years ago. The Communists must have been aware that, even going it alone, the Socialist Party may well win a plurality in March, allowing Socialist chief François Mitterand to form a minority left-of-center government. Thus the Communists deliberately froze themselves out of the mainstream of French politics and, in the words of a leading French commentator, "went back to the ghetto."

In his torrent of public rhetoric over recent days, Communist Party secretary general Georges Marchais never really explained why he pushed the alliance to the breaking point. The consensus among informed French politicians is that the Communists made a painful decision that it would be better to abandon the Leftist alliance altogether than to be a junior partner in a Mitterand government. They apparently decided that a better long-range strategy would be to stay outside and not be forced to share the blame if a Mitterand regime fails to resolve France's profound economic ills. The French Communist Party clearly wanted to avoid being put in the position the Italian Communist Party has found itself in, by tacitly cooperating with the ruling Christian Democrats. Georges Marchais's decision to quit the *Union de la Gauche* inevitably clouds the future of "Eurocommunism," the movement inspired by the Italian Communist Party and supposedly intended to encourage independent Communism in Western Europe, free of any control by the Soviet Union. Indeed Marchais, a late convert to Eurocommunism, has undermined this whole concept by demonstrating that at least the French party is not prepared to cooperate with non-Communist parties in a democratic context—as the Italians have tried to do—unless it can dominate such coalitions.

This development must delight the Soviet Union, which all along has viewed Eurocommunism with both fear and contempt. The fear is that Eurocommunism may in time contaminate restless Eastern Europe. The contempt is for what Moscow hardliners regard as the ideological softness of the Eurocommunists.

But the French Communists have not sabotaged the "Union of the Left" simply to please Moscow. A French Government expert on Communist affairs believes that Marchais's decision to bolt the alliance with the Socialists was the result of a "convergence" of events—the French Communist Party felt "trapped" politically, while the Soviets felt immensely unhappy over the prospect of a leftist regime in France with the local Communists reduced to a minority position. It is, of course, unknown whether Moscow could have persuaded Marchais to break out of the leftist coalition if he did not have his own reasons for so doing.

It is no surprise to observers in Paris that the Soviets

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prefer the status quo in France—a centrist government run by President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—to a Socialist-led leftist coalition. Communist diplomats have been hinting broadly at their preference in conversations with their French counterparts and with commentators. Leonid Brezhnev has developed a pleasant relationship with Giscard, and during his visit to Paris last June he made no effort to seek out Marchais. The French party leader did not attend the Soviet Communist Party's congress in 1976. This summer Marchais spent his vacation in Corsica rather than in the Crimea, as was his past practice.

André Fontaine, editor of the influential Paris newspaper *Le Monde*, made all these points in a front-page article published on September 24, the day after the collapse of the "Union of the Left." The article created quite a stir in French politics and visibly angered Marchais. It was titled, "The Hand of Moscow?" In the opinion of thoughtful diplomats, the Russians favor the status quo in France not only because of their concern about the influence of Eurocommunism on Eastern Europe, but also because they think that Giscard's relatively independent foreign policy tends to neutralize to some extent the American influence in Western Europe, particularly since the advent of the Carter administration. The Russians obviously were pleased with Giscard's criticism of the Carter human rights policy in a recent interview, and with his new approach to American-Soviet relations.

On the other hand, the Kremlin—like the French Communists themselves—seems to have absolutely no confidence in Socialist leader François Mitterand. The Kremlin suspects Mitterand of being anti-Soviet—which he is—and considerably more pro-American than Giscard—which is partly true. To the Russians, Mitterand represents the worst in Social Democratic tendencies. They see him, for instance, as a natural partner of the West German Social Democrats. Ironically, this may become a self-fulfilling prophecy now that the French Communists have destroyed the "Union of the Left" and, inevitably, propelled Mitterand toward the political center.

For the United States, too, the dizzying events of France's "ten days in September" carry ironic implications. Despite its efforts to appear relaxed, the Carter administration had been quite worried about the prospect of a Socialist-Communist victory next March, and the likelihood that for the first time in three decades Communist ministers would sit in a Western European government. Washington developed a certain coolness toward Mitterand; last July he was asked to cancel a planned visit to the United States. Meanwhile the relations with the Giscard regime kept improving despite the French president's bad-mouthing of the Carter policies. Raymond Barre, the French Prime Minister, accordingly received a warm welcome from Carter when he called at the White House earlier in September. (Last week, Barre was greeted just as warmly in Moscow.)

Curiously, then, the leftist split in France appears to suit both the Americans and the Russians. Neither superpower has to worry any longer about an unstable leftist regime in Paris. Thanks to French Communists, Eurocommunism, equally disliked by Washington and Moscow, may turn out to be an ephemeral phenomenon. European Communism may revert back to confrontational politics, a development clearly desired by the Soviet leadership. Both Washington and Moscow will have to adjust. The repercussions will be felt in strategic spots such as Spain, where the Communist leader Santiago Carrillo, an apostle of Eurocommunism, may be forced into different policies. Most diplomats here believe that the collapse of the leftist coalition exceeds in importance any other political event in Europe in recent years, including the 1974 Portuguese revolution and the vanishing of Francoism in Spain.

It is interesting to reflect on the history of the now defunct leftist alliance. The relative strengths of the Socialists and the Communists have undergone a complete transformation since June 27, 1972, when Mitterand, Marchais and the leaders of the small "movement of the radicals of the left" signed the "joint government platform" that gave birth to the leftist coalition.

In 1972, the Communist Party was by far the strongest party on the French left, and second in power only to the Gaullists. The Socialists, on the other hand, were weak and disorganized, hardly the great Socialist Party France had once known. Under the circumstances, then, the two parties of the left needed each other. The Communists desired the respectability, particularly among the small bourgeoisie, that the Socialists could provide under the banner of leftist unity. The Socialists believed that the only way the left in France could achieve power would be with a role for the Communists. "It was a marriage of reason, not love," a Socialist leader remarked the other day, wistfully looking over the wreckage of this marriage.

By 1974, the alliance was solid enough to put forth Mitterand as its presidential candidate, and the combined strength of the left was so great that Mitterand lost to Giscard d'Estaing by only two percentage points. The next strategy decision by the left was to concentrate on the 1978 parliamentary elections. Even though Giscard's term does not expire until 1981, the left hoped that Mitterand as Prime Minister would be able to achieve a powerful leftist impact on the social and economic structure of France. With a majority in the National Assembly, for example, the left could proceed with nationalization of the part of French industry that was marked for takeover in the 1972 "joint platform." It also could achieve major readjustments of salaries in this inflation-torn country, and other social measures.

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Trouble in Red City

Bologna

Is European communism already declining? Will it be necessary—just as it has been baptized—to write its death certificate? Clouds have already been piling up to darken the radiant horizons of Berlinguer and Marchais. Signs of the shaking of the model society they promise are multiplying. Last week in Paris came the split of the leftist union. A few days later came the great international meeting against repression in Bologna. Thus on the one hand we have the common program and on the other the historic compromise—in both cases, perhaps, the end of a myth, the shattering of an illusion which has shown, once and for all, that it cannot survive tests of popular scrutiny and the exercise of power.

In order to understand the importance of the events of Bologna, we must sweep aside the veil covering the event and look beyond the polemics which have given themselves free reign. It does not matter that the "repression" is less than the left oppositionists would like us to think; whether Italy is not the Gulag they like to describe; or whether Renato Zangheri, the mayor of the the town, can succeed only with social achievements and a material prosperity unequaled in the rest of Italy. Nor does it matter that Berlinguer's party, making the best of its bad situation, is bragging today of having maintained order and calm when 30 or 40 thousand demonstrators came to protest against its "dictatorship."

None of this matters because what is essential lies elsewhere. It lies in the paradox that for 30 years Italy has had a Soviet Socialist republic; that its administration has ended up installing there a kind of smiling and easy-going communism; and that it is nonetheless in this very country of prosperous workers and red bosses, in this showcase of socialism with a human face, that the Italian far left chose to gather itself together and set the stage for a new type of challenge. Sweet Bologna is thoroughly agitated, the PCI attacked frontally.

It all actually began with a "manifesto" signed last summer by a handful of French intellectuals—protesting the new repressive measures inaugurated by the Italian government which they insist is becoming "Germanic." We must remember that the Italian penal code imposed by Mussolini is often applied even today. It is a Fascist law for example, which allowed a militant member of the Red Brigade (the notorious terrorist organization) to be condemned for a crime he could not have committed because he was imprisoned at the time. It is also true that since 1974, the holy alliance of parties (including the Communists) has granted the police the extreme power to act singlehandedly in the first phase of criminal proceedings—to arest and interrogate without intervention whomever they choose so long as he has been suspected of preparing or carrying out terrorist acts. Finally, there is the famous "royal law" or "villainous law," which authorizes the forces of order to use arms when they judge it necessary in the course of a demonstration or an occupation of territory by "outsiders." According to the newspaper *Lotta Continua*, this law has caused 200 deaths in the course of one year.

The have-nots, students unable to land jobs and workers who have lost theirs', are revolting now against this series of legislative *coups d'etat*, this slow transformation of a rightist government into a police state, and the rigidity coaxed by the Communist Party. There is one new development with an incalculable influence. For the first time in Europe a rebellion of young workers, students and the unemployed has chosen as its principal target the glorious workers' party. For the first time, tens of thousands of men and women—the lost children of this century, amnesiac heirs of May 1968—have said and demonstrated that, even if socialism makes the people happy, they must still fight against socialism as a growing form of power. For the first time, therefore, a strong mass movement has thrown in everyone's face the new truth that the totalitarian state of the future probably will be one of programmed prosperity and institutionalized well-being. The Socialist utopia, once it has come about, is the consummate form of order and the police state. This gives birth, therefore, to a new extreme left whose program is reduced to one pure and simple commandment: govern as little as possible. It gives birth to a new desire for revolution with no goal beyond the very fact of revolution. The Italian autonomi, extreme and unaffiliated radicals, as I saw them during these three insane days, want basically nothing but the rejection of organization in factories, of the work ethic and of institutional profits. It is hard to describe these people in a traditional framework. It is true that they often remain the prisoners of old Marxist structures, which considered good fortune to be the misfortune of their predecessors; that their debates are still laden with almost eternal references to the "power of the workers," to "proletarian organization," and sometimes even to internationalism. It is also true that the fascination some of them have for armed conflict and the politics of the P-38 pistol continues to drag along the old Leninist phantoms of "exemplary action" and the "avant garde"; and that, as was the case with the Baader-Meinhof gang in Germany, permanently behind the despairing romanticism there are the most classic sort of militant obsessions.

But the tree should not be allowed to hide the forest. Their appeals to Marxism are often conventional. It actually serves to mask the lack, among the tools of our generation, of a coherent ideology. This is the important thing: Better than in Munich or in Paris the "metropolitan Indians" of Italy's major cities are mounting the first rebellion of "irregulars" in modern times.

Bernard-Henri Levy

Bernard-Henri Levy, one of *"les nouveaux philosophes,"* is the author of *La Barbarie a Visage Humain* (Grosset). This article was translated from the French by Dorothy Betz.

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The French electorate changed this picture by voting massively for the Socialists over the Communists in a series of local elections. By 1975 the Socialists had won enough parliamentary by-elections to replace the Communists as the principal leftist party in the National Assembly. In 1976, the Socialists carried cantonnal (county) elections throughout France. Early this year they swept the municipal elections. Georges Marchais acknowledged in a radio debate on September 25, three days after the collapse of the coalition, "We began to be worried after the municipal elections because we came up against difficulties that were incomprehensible for us."

The principal difficulty Marchais faced was the reluctance of the Socialists to expand the 1972 "joint platform" the way the Communists wanted. Put simply, the Communist strategy was to try to make up for its electoral weakness by forcing a tougher program on the other members of the left coalition. Projections in mid-1977 showed that if the coalition triumphed next March, the Socialist Party would be the senior partner in the "Union of the Left." This, obviously, was unacceptable to the Communist Party. It began to suspect that with Mitterand in charge, the Communists might end up with minor ministerial assignments, or even none at all. And this perception was not erroneous because the Mitterand-led majority faction in the Socialist Party was beginning to think precisely along these lines.

His own strength growing, Mitterand did not wish to risk antagonizing the United States (the Chilean experience is vividly remembered in France). He also wished to cultivate the center-left voters on whom Mitterand believes the victory in March will depend, since it is generally accepted that the 1978 election will be decided by the most narrow of margins. Therefore Mitterand began edging away from the Communists.

In July the Communists began pressuring the Socialists to harden the "joint platform." If the "Union of the Left" went to the polls with a tough program, it could lose the elections. But at least in that event the Communist Party would again become the standard-bearer of the left in France. In essence, the Communists decided that the destruction of the Socialist Party was the first priority in their strategy. Ideology had to come first. A Marxist philosopher said in a recent conversation, "You must remember that the Communist Party is like a church. It thinks in terms of years, decades and centuries. It prefers not to win an election today in order to be able to conquer total power at the right moment—in a year or in 10 years. This is what you are seeing in France this week."

Another observer said, "When it comes to the nitty-gritty, Communist parties simply do not change. You can forget Eurocummunism and all these new-fangled ideas. This is the moment of truth for the French Communist Party."

The Communists chose to challenge the Socialists over the issue of nationalizations. The 1972 joint platform advocated nationalization of nine major industrial conglomerates and all the French banks that had not been nationalized in the past. The 1972 program made no mention of the steel industry or the Peugeot-Citroen automotive works (Renault had been nationalized immediately after the war). The Communists now argued that these companies, too, should be nationalized. They also demanded the nationalization of companies in which any of the nine big conglomerates held more than 50 percent equity. By the Communist count, 1008 individual companies would be nationalized under their proposals. The Socialists, realizing that the Communists were using the nationalization issue as a weapon in the emerging ideological struggle, refused to amend the platform. Mitterand believed that if more than 200 companies were on the nationalization list, the left would lose the elections.

The final crisis began on September 14 when the three leftist delegations met at the Socialist Party headquarters. After the Communists presented their proposals, Robert Fabre, the leader of the movement of radicals of the left, walked out, paralyzing the negotiations. It took a week of secret talks to get the negotiations started again. But the Socialists refused to believe that the Communist Party really was ready to risk breaking up the leftist alliance and sacrificing the election. There was talk of compromise, and arrangements for parties to save face. On September 21, the negotiators met at the Communist Party headquarters in a suburb of Paris. This meeting ended inconclusively. On September 22, the Communists and the Socialists really went to the mat. According to those present, Marchais criticized Mitterand personally with "extraordinary brutality and viciousness." He charged the Socialists with treason and announced that the Communist Party would "never" change its demands. Marchais refused to consider a last-minute Socialist compromise. The session ended at dawn on September 23, and it suddenly became clear that it was all over for the "Union of the Left." The delegates went home without setting a date for new negotiations. Neither side, however, could afford to take the responsibility for an official, public break. Both the Socialists and the Communists went on insisting in public that they still believed in unity, but that the other side must make the first step toward reconstructing the alliance.

Since September 23, the political energies of both the Communists and the Socialists have been spent convincing their respective constituents that the other side was to blame for the collapse of the coalition. The Communist Party instantly launched a propaganda offensive along these lines, covering the walls of Paris with posters announcing mass rallies at which Marchais and other leaders would tell the followers the

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"truth" about the events. Millions of leaflets were mailed to voters throughout France.

It still is possible that the Communists and the Socialists will work out an electoral agreement of some kind. But in the absence of the "joint program," the two parties no longer will work as a coalition.

If the Socialists achieve a plurality in the elections next March, Mitterand may form a government in coalition with Giscard's new Republican Party. Giscard, to whom the leftist collapse is a major triumph, is definitely interested in a left-of-center alliance to beat off his enemies in the right-of-center Gaullist alignment led by former Prime Minister Jacques Chirac. In fact, Chirac, now the mayor of Paris, may be the principal victim of the events of September. His strategy was based on the expectation that the Socialist-Communist alliance would win in March, creating such chaos that Giscard would be forced to dissolve the Parliament and call new elections that would bring Chirac to power as the providential man—*à la* Charles de Gaulle. Chirac is one of many people all over Europe who will have to rethink their political futures following the Communist "coup de théâtre" this sunny September in France.

Eurosocialism?

Pity the poor eurocommunist. Attacked from the left in Bologna as traitor to the revolutionary cause, denounced by the Socialists in Paris as irremediably radical, the Western European Communist parties seem for the moment at least to have fallen upon evil days, following several years of steadily rising fortunes.

Many explanations are available for the current travails of Messrs. Marchais of France, Berlinguer of Italy and Carrillo of Spain. These include everything from the desire of the Kremlin to block the advance of Eurocommunism, to the compulsive tendency of the European left to devour its own children. It would be a pity, however, to lose sight of a development which many had given up on: the emergence of a European socialism that has shedded its traditional inferiority complex regarding the Communists.

Ever since the Russian Revolution, European Socialists have lived with symptoms of extreme political schizophrenia, torn between their social-democratic minds and their maximalist hearts. In keeping with climactic conditions, the Socialists of the colder regions of the old continent have tended to favor the more rational, reformist element of the divided persona, while the inhabitants of the more temperate regions have stressed revolutionary, even anarchistic themes. The Latin Socialists (those in Spain, Portugal, France and Italy) often have found themselves cut off from the rest of the progressive bourgeoisie, because the middle classes accurately saw that these Socialists secretly cherished the dream of abandoning their respectable democratic principles for one last Leninist adventure.

The Latin Socialists suffered a severe inferiority complex, because throughout the century the Communists remained staunch defenders of the orthodox faith. Where European socialism was often indistinguishable from American-style liberalism, the Communist parties continued to stress Marxist-Leninist basics. The discipline and ideology of the Communists often provoked peculiar Socialist excesses. Occasionally the Socialists would strike simultaneous poses to the left of the Communists (in a desperate and pathetic attempt to show they had not lost touch with their roots) and to the right of the centrists (to show they had not abandoned their liberal values). The long decline of French and Italian socialism in the post-War period was a logical development for parties that could not establish their own identities. It often has been said of the Italian Socialists that they do not know what they want, and they want it immediately.

This sorry situation apparently has begun to change. The symbol of this transformation is Mario Soares of Portugal, the first Socialist within human memory to defeat the Communists in a head to head struggle. Soares achieved victory with the assistance of the Socialist International, an organization which hitherto had been the last great debating society of Western Europe. The defeat of Cunhal's Communist Party in Portugal helped restore the backbone of the International, and suggested to many that the reformists might well be the wave of the future.

At the same time, the rhetoric of Eurocommunism turned out to favor the Socialists. The Socialist inferiority complex may have been quite strong when it came to revolutionary doctrine, but they were not about to be outdone by Communists on the issue of democratic socialism. Latin Socialists are now openly challenging the Communists on the basic issues of Western democracy, pointing to the highly undemocratic nature of the Eurocommunist parties, to their ambiguous relationship with the Soviet Union, and to their failure to support Santiago Carrillo's critique of Soviet communism. The latest Socialist leader to take such a stand is Italy's Bettino Craxi, who typically issued his challenge in an interview in *Le Monde*, thereby calling attention to the international nature of his dispute with the Italian Communist Party.

The conflict between Mitterand and Marchais is part of the evolution of European socialism. A few years ago the French Socialists would have been mortified by attacks from the left, both because of ideological considerations and because their alliance with the Communists was based on the premise that the Socialists could only gain power in an overall left alliance. Today the polls suggest that Mitterand would do far better without Marchais, and it even is conceivable—although unlikely—that a Socialist government could be formed after the March elections.

The events of recent months must be encouraging to those who feared a capture of the European left by the Eurocommunists. This has not happened yet, and one may even be permitted to suspect that the eventual winner in this fascinating and vital struggle may be something called Eurosocialism.

Michael Ledeen

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Women Growing

One Sings, the Other Doesn't (Cinema 5). Several pleasures in writing about this film:

First, the director, Agnes Varda, has at last found her "voice" and her material, one no doubt reinforcing the other. Varda has been working in French film since 1955, and was first shown here in 1962. *Cleo from 5 to 7* was an archetypal New Wave nuisance, full of cinematic blabber intended and taken as new wisdom made accessible by new approaches to film; gassy with the esthetic and psychological juvenility that passed and still passes—though with a bit more difficulty, thank heaven—as profundity simply because it's done on film. The subsequent work of Varda's that I saw declined from that level: *Le Bonheur* was a (possibly) bitter film about the destructiveness of male sexuality, so drenched in (possibly) sardonic lyricism that the (possible) bitterness was lost. A short documentary called *Uncle Janco* was stock archness about an eccentric. *Lions Love*, a feature made in Hollywood about Hollywood people, was the kind of picture one could walk out of to make phone calls and return to without feeling that anything had been missed. A documentary I saw recently on PBS about the street in Paris on which Varda lives had some minimal interest, as any picture about a quaint Paris street must have, but was undistinguished.

Now, very happy news. Varda's latest film is lovely in every way, from start to finish, so the first pleasure about it has to do with Varda herself. After almost 25 years of muddling about—additionally irksome because of the critical nonsense about her muddling—she has won through to some judgment, control, and consonance: consonance between her talents and ambitions.

The second pleasure comes from the third. The second is: This is the best film I know about the new attitudes of women toward women and men. Varda denies that she is a "message" filmmaker or that she is a militant: she wants only to see women without caricature. Precisely. Most films that I've seen about Woman's Lib have been unbalanced or falsifying or smug with the cozy bourgeois ecstasy of those suburban consciousness-raising sessions that give the wife something to do on hubby's poker nights; or they utterly disregard the conditions of men's lives that in part contribute to their tyrannies over women. I have a highly subjective standard for latter-day works about women. If they irritate me, I ascribe it to the reasons above, not to male chauvinism. If they make me ashamed, for past and (probably) continuing male chauvinism, I think they're good. *Antonia* by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow made me ashamed. So, I'm grateful to say, did Varda's new film.

Third, of course, the picture itself. The screenplay, by Varda, is in three sections: 1962, 1972, and a brief epilogue in 1976. Varda herself tells us on the sound-track what the picture is going to be about as it starts, and from time to time she narrates transitions. The theme is loving friendship between two women: how that friendship strengthens them in themselves and in their lives with men, how it helps them to full womanhood. The two, played by Valérie Mairesse and Thérèse Liotard, both new to me, are first seen in their late teens in Paris. Liotard is living with a married photographer, already has two children, and is pregnant again; Mairesse, still living with her parents, is just beginning a singing career. Mairesse lies to her parents to get money for an abortion for Liotard, is found out and scolded, leaves home. The photographer is a quiet man trying with his camera to understand women. (Presumably the many delicate pictures in his studio are by Varda herself, who began as a still photographer.) Hopeless of success in any sense, he hangs himself. Liotard returns with her children to her narrow-minded farm-parents. Through the next 10 years the two friends keep in touch mostly by letter—and through Varda's narration!

Mairesse goes through a long loving alliance with an Iranian, which involves going to Iran with him and marrying, bearing his child, then breaking with her husband because she can't stand male-oriented Iranian society, but, still in love, asking her husband to give her another child whom she can keep in France when he goes back to Iran with the first one. Her career, with a singing group for which she writes "new-woman" songs, prospers in a touring street-theater way.

Liotard educates herself while drudging on the farm, then moves south to Hyères where she works in a family-planning clinic and, in time, meets a doctor who divorces so that they can marry—even though her abortion has left her sterile. The last sequence, in 1976, has a feeling of pilgrims who have at least reached a first destination: Liotard and her husband are with Mairesse and her group on a picnic. The very last shot is of Liotard's teen-age daughter—played by Varda's daughter—for whom things will be "clearer."

You see that this is not a plot: it's a narrative of no drastic novelty or drama. Varda has simply devised a series of events that would: a) include, without heavy-handed epitome, some fairly representative experiences of the

Films Worth Seeing

Annie Hall. Woody Allen, as if you hadn't heard. On-the-job training has paid off. His best so far.

The Best Way. A modestly perceptive French film about two male counsellors at a summer camp, and which one is *more* male.

La Grande Bourgeoise. Italian, despite title. Tolerable. A murder case in turn-of-the-century Bologna, with ideological overtones.

Let Joy Reign Supreme. It very nearly does—ironically. By Bertrand Tavernier, who made *The Clockmaker.* The French court in 1720. Rich, intelligent, sexy, and generally subtle.

The Spy Who Loved Me. James Bond. For those in James Bondage, this is far from the worst.

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generation she's dealing with; b) provide her with good filmic material; c) give her the chance to make her film in its true location—within the characters of her two women.

Varda's film-making experience has at last led her through prolixity and artiness to reticence and art, a movement roughly analogous to the life-discoveries of her two characters. Most of the time here she "sees" gently but acutely and edits astringently: for instance, the discovery of the suicide or Liotard's wedding—no dwelling on these things just because they could be exploited pictorially. On the other hand we get somewhat more of Mairesse's wedding in Iran on the assumption that the Muslim ceremony is less familiar. But the real security of the film, its power to create in *us*, comes from Varda's treatment of her two women.

They are not idealized, martyrized, sentimentalized. They are just two women who insist on questioning and experiencing, rather than accepting, and who do not act on the assumption that everything that existed before they were born is nonsense. The men are handled with truth and solicitude. The photographer (Robert Dadiès) is a crystalline vignette of a man who has stumbled onto questions in life and in art that are simply too much for him. The Iranian (Ali Raffi) has pride and love and the understanding that his love cannot bridge the gap between him and Mairesse. In short, the film takes place in a recognizable world of contradictions and imperfections—not in an abstract polemical agar-agar jelly.

Varda is helped by Mairesse more than I expected at the beginning. Mairesse is a pudgy-faced redhead whose acting is negative: that is, it consists chiefly of not doing unbelievable things. Her commitment, more than her talent, makes the part vital and gives it nooks and crannies. Never any question about Liotard. She has a sensitive face—imagine what Paula Prentiss would look like if she were real—and her acting is positive, competent, true. We don't have to wait to find out whether Liotard is good: she contributes right from the start.

In strictest accuracy I have to note that the film rambles on a trifle too long. A few minutes off the end would help. But it's a rich, life-filled work, accomplished in its making, engrossing in its humility and courage.

A Special Day (Cinema 5). A clever idea that never becomes anything more than that. Rome, 1938, a huge new apartment complex. All the tenants empty out to a welcome celebration for Hitler except two who have not met before: Sophia Loren, a wearying housewife whose brood of kids are all at the parade with their pompous father, and Marcello Mastroianni, a former radio announcer, recently discharged (we learn) for homosexuality and (we learn at the very end) about to be deported.

It's one of those life-in-a-day stories, and it's very nicely acted by Loren and Mastroianni—the most *interested* acting that he has done in his recent slothful years. They meet, like one another, quarrel, make up, eventually even go to bed at her initiative, then part, forever. But the story has no relevance to the particular day on which it's told. The long introductory newsreels of Hitler's visit lead us to expect a story of political consequence or resonance. None. She is a devout Mussolini devotee, he is a victim of inflated fascist masculinity. But she could just as well have been an FDR devotee, as far as this story is concerned, and he could just as well have been the victim of American Legion outrage in Wisconsin or Alabama. The film, co-authored and directed by Ettore Scola who did *We All Loved Each Other So Much*, stakes out more claim than it can handle: and ends up only as an exercise in coincidental poignancy.

Sayonara, Volkswagen

Ave Atque Vale Volks Populace

"MADE IN THE BLACK FOREST," the sign in the VW's window read, "BY ELVES." It first surfaced in the late '50s, in reaction to the chauvinistic stickers that had been appearing on American-made automobiles—"Made in Texas by Texans," or some such—humorless slogans completely in tune with the (Ford) Times. That was back when the yearly unveiling of Detroit's new models

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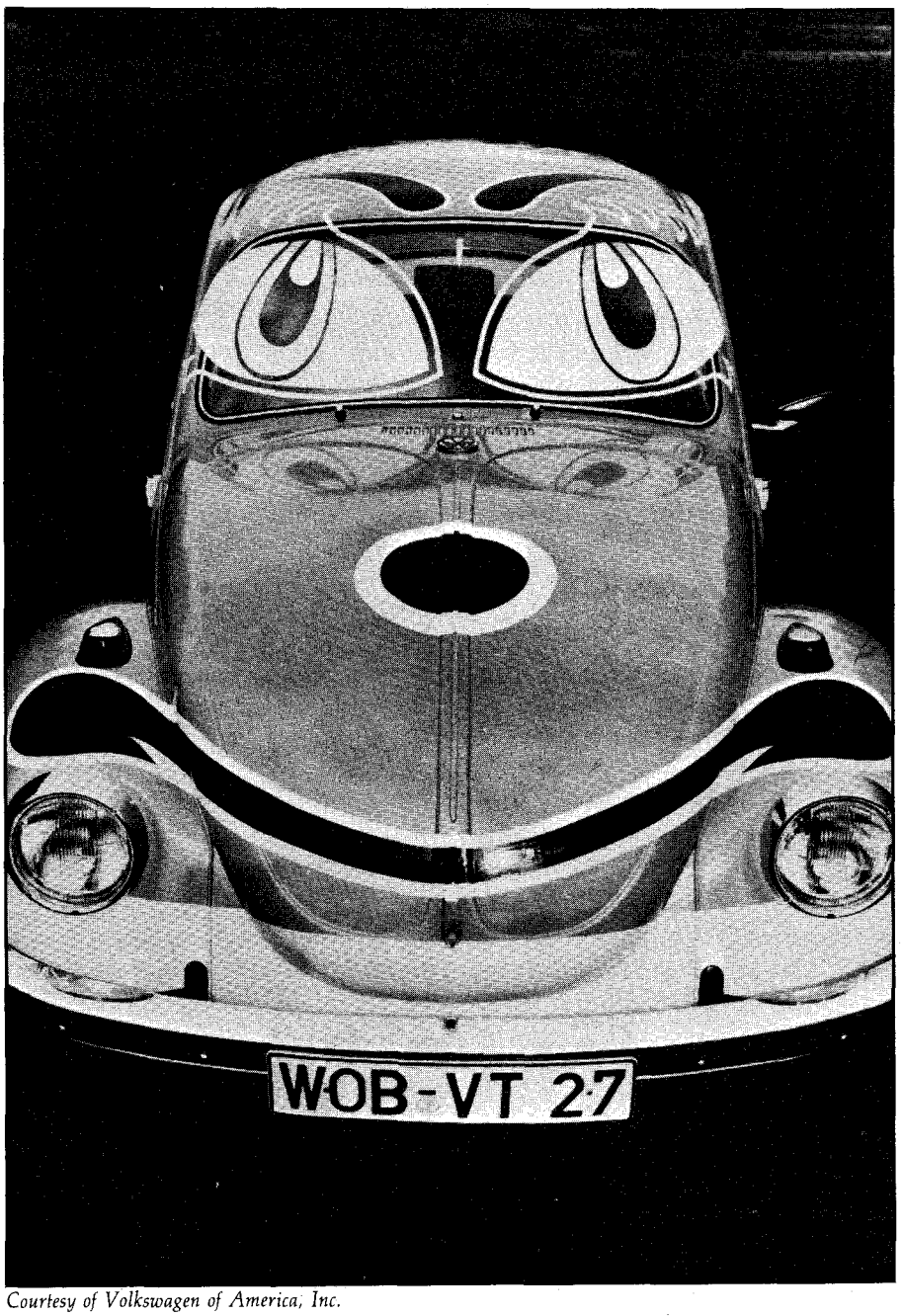
was an example of total PR, Ultimate Hype, in which newsmagazines and *Esquire* (with its undressed ladies and welldressed men) conspired to convince the American people that restyling was a major event, that the new design of say the Chrysler Imperial was of genuine, even real, importance, another great surge forward of American technological and esthetic progress. Like the widening of lapels and the lifting of skirts those September siren songs were evidence of our national engagement with the process of process, with the phenomenon of change for its own sake, intimate with comic strips, soap opera, and the nightly news. It is mini-millennialism, material evidence that every day in every way the quality of American life is getting better and better: in terms of household appliances this impulse gave us the electric toothbrush and in Detroit the name of the beast was the Mustang, which despite its macho image was, like the New Frontier, a mule-like and sterile hybrid sprung from the brow of American advertising. Under the panache makeup of cosmetic styling it was a conventional car, no outlaw breed but the same old dreckmobile we had been driving for years, and its self-parody was the Edsel, in which hardsell ran out of gas.

The Volkswagen challenged all that. Created by the populist wing of Hitler's *Kampf*, it survived the Nazi menace to become one of the most powerfully subversive mechanisms ever to set wheels on American soil, the first car slipping through in 1949 past the watchful eyes of Joe McCarthy and Dick Nixon. By the end of the decade the VW was legion, so endemic to the American way of life that it became part of the Walt Disney pantheon, a Bug to match the Mouse, the Duck and the Dog. Through the mimic genius of Mel Blanc its ubiquitous "beep beep" became the defiant call of the Roadrunner as it led the Coyote into culs de sac and steamrollers, Tom and Jerry translated to the blacktop raceways of America Deserta. Speed has always been an American obsession, but in the form of the Beetle it took on a comic, even puckish shape, as the deified machine Lord of Misrule. So that mischievous sign in the rear window was in a sense the first of countless bumperstickers, impudent graffiti greeting the person you have just passed on the highway, the ultimate American insult, to which injury was added by fastening a giant wind-up key to your back, a flaunting flouting finger for the grandiose hood-ornaments of Detroit.



Courtesy of Volkswagen of America, Inc.

At first the VW didn't pass very often, however. The earliest models were notoriously underpowered and simply pooped out on long steep grades as American cars, their drivers red-faced and grimacing in outrage, roared around and past with clouds of noxious and gratuitous fumes. But German technology has always been up to American needs or Wernher Von Braun lived in vain, and the Beetle got faster and faster. Stripped, it became a miniature Dune Buggy (Dune Bug) and kits were available to transform it into a tiny Rolls Royce if that was your trip. Later on there was the Super Beetle, the Mighty Mouse of the highway, a concession to the American mania which remained subversive because the outlines of the wrapper stayed the same, a consistency that a racing stripe served only to accentuate, not hide. In the old newsreels taken of the Volkswagen of Hitler's heyday we recognize the same car we drive today, and in terms of style the VW a kid of 18 owns is old enough to be his father. In 1949, age 18, I bought a Model A Ford, also age 18, an antique even before it was old enough to vote, thanks to Detroit's phony Darwinism. But an 18-year-old Bug today is an 18-year-old Beetle.

The VW was introduced into this country at about the time that TV was becoming a universal phenomenon, and there is now a generation of Americans who have never known a time when both were not omnipresent. They do not remember the days when both were new and dubious propositions, the one a

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crude curiosity next to the slick productions of Hollywood, the other an ugly Gulliver among the sleek Brobdingnagians of post-war Detroit. 1949 was also the year both Ford and Chevrolet lost freestanding fenders and running boards and adopted the Buck Rogers look that dominated automobile design for 20 years, culminating with the 100 percent jukebox ("Made in Memphis by Elvis") look that carried us to the moon and Vietnam. Those were the years of such conspicuous consumption that even tarpaper shacks sprouted TV antennae and Cadillac cars and the VW became, like the elephant, running, standing and sitting still joke. Gas was cheap and VW owners who boasted of 35 miles to a gallon were ridiculed, becoming victims of practical jokers who surreptitiously added fuel to their tanks until the mileage reached astronomical figures and then began draining it off until the poor wretches were getting less than the owner of a 1955 Thunderbird—about eight.

Those were the days when college boys worked out their tensions (no one got laid in the '50s) by stuffing themselves by the dozens into VW's or lifting VW's onto sidewalks or carrying VW's into school buildings. The universal object of prankdom, the Beetle became the outhouse of the '50s, an object of uneasy ridicule second only to Dagmar's breasts. Yet joshing in America is the kind of contempt that breeds familiarity, and by the end of the decade television was the universal wet nurse and the VW was the *Kinderwagen*, bursting like its namesake the Beatles into the '60s and becoming as integral to the mass movements of youth as the six-pack or the battery-powered radio and megaphone. The VW bus was in particular a red flag to Bull Durham chewing rednecks, being the signal that a buncha nigger-lovin' Pinkos had just arrived in town and were about to get into a heap o' trouble. From the beginning subversive to Detroit's priestly high seriousness (Stan Freberg's ads turned soft into silly sell), the Bug became a termite, chewing away at the foundations of the militantly industrious complex called the Protestant Ethic. "Made in the Black Forest by Elves" it became a kind of Gnomobile, the vehicle of Little People who worked mostly by night and underground, and who by day became the army of gnats that drove the Texan made by Texans out of office, winning the day for Lilliputia and Tolkien.

Beetle mania was akin to the Hobbit habit, combining furfooted snugness with speed, and you did not have to be a yippie to be a Bug-person, to share the special feeling the VW generated. With its responsiveness to foot and fingers and its nest-like interior, the Beetle conveyed a sense of oneness with a machine that lacked the phallic aggressiveness of American cars and substituted something akin to androgynous contentment. In the uniformity of the VW unisex was born, and though it was difficult to make love in a Bug it was not hard to love one. You felt small but you felt good, and the omnipresence of the Bug, its universal, timeless shape, made you feel part of an apolitical movement tantamount to a religion. Your car, old as it might be, was as "good" as the newest, and as time went by and the number of older cars increased until they prevailed, the traditional pridemarks of American newness—bright, shiny paint and chrome—became negative factors. Dinginess and drabness were the terms of this new esthetic, an enforced casualness akin to scuffed L.L. Bean boots and second-hand Army gear. As Bug, the VW was a Humblebee, avatar of lowliness and love that was Consciousness Three, an icon of honesty. As a symbol connoting timelessness, a singular continuity, it broke free from history and assured us we could all stay young forever, immune to the calendar and beyond chronology.

Well, all that is over now. Just two years short of 30—when everyone turns old and treacherous—the Bug has succumbed to time's changes. Except for the convertible model—which has always had the Samsonite look of Sally Sorority and Suburbia—the Beetle will no longer be imported into this country. Small cars are bigger than ever, but the Bug has been underpriced by the ubiquitous coefficients of the camera-toting tourists who make them: Japanese, as it were, Beetles. Moreover, the car that inspired Detroit to make the Corvair unsafe at any speed and the Falcon (Ask The Poor Guy Who Bought One) has ironically been a victim of improved safety standards. Done in by one of Nader's Raids, the Bug will no longer threaten Detroit's yearly bumper crops. Still, though it has left us the Bug will hardly disappear overnight, for like the handgun it is everywhere. But it will gradually drift into the Great American Sargasso Sea of junk cars, and will thenceforth be in the care of collectors, becoming another tinkerer's toy. As for the manufacturers, Volkswagen, Inc., they have long since succumbed to the American madness, and the original mischief has turned arch out of desperation. The TV commercial that shows a bunch of fortyish former Fraternity Boys stuffing their overweight selves into a Rabbit evokes the fun of yesteryear to peddle the products of today, a strenuous exercise reminding us that something has been lost along with the Beetle itself. Still, all losses bring gains or less is not more, and as Detroit brings forth its 1978 models, few Americans are paying much attention to the shape of fenders to come or the arrangement of chrome. All that is over, too.

John Seelye

Books Considered

Ramsay MacDonald by David Marquand

(Jonathan Cape; £12.50)

Looking over an article of mine on Ramsay MacDonald which appeared in the London *Evening Standard* on the occasion of his seventieth birthday—in October 1936, the year before he died—I see that I wrote:

I predict that more will be written about him hereafter than about contemporaries with far more solid achievement to their credit. The very extravagance of his incoherence and unreality of his character will fascinate. Could it really

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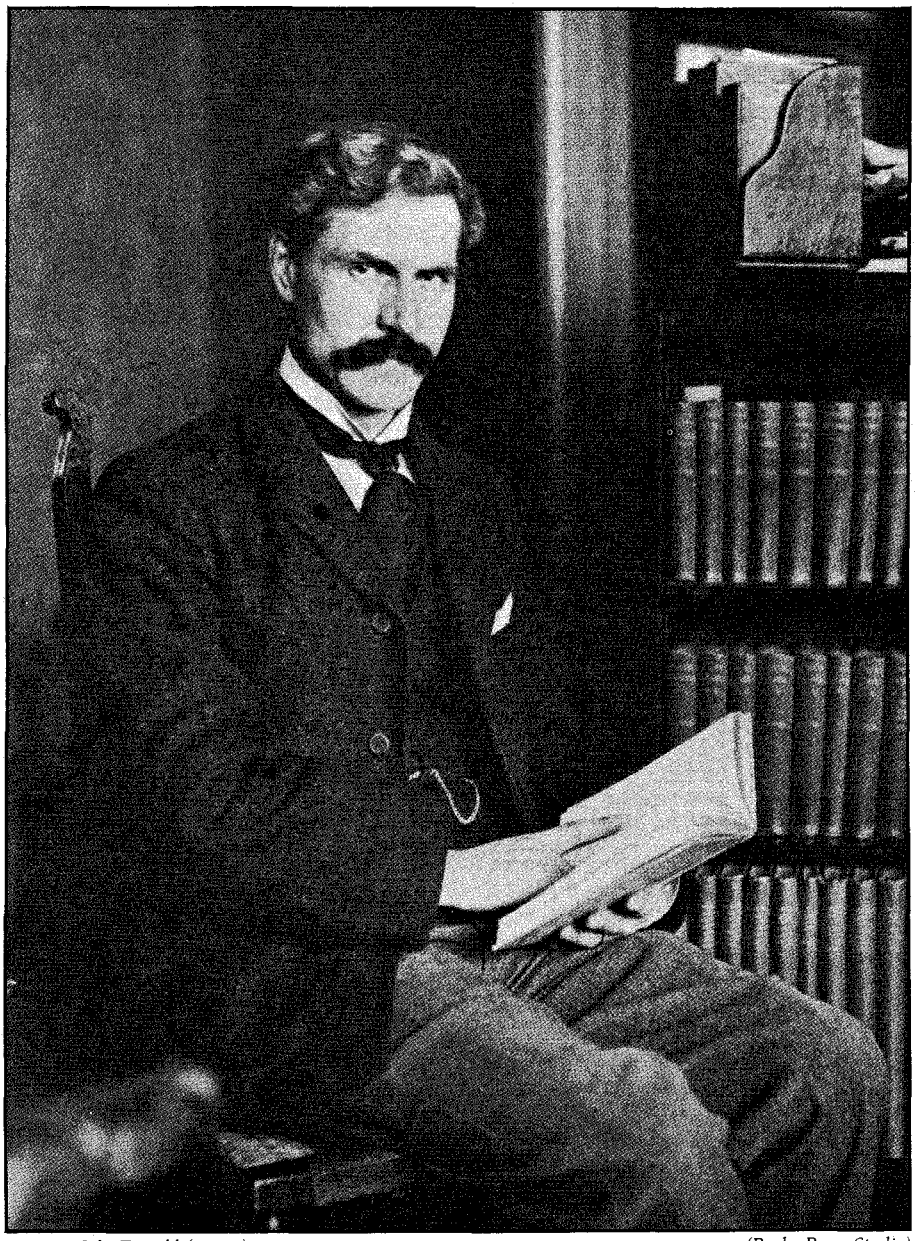

Ramsay MacDonald (1907) *(Parks Press Studio)*

have been? a biographer will wonder, and delightedly dip his pen and begin tracing out the astonishing career from Lossiemouth to London, from chemistry to eloquence, from conscientious objection to the Front Opposition Bench and Downing Street, from the Red Flag at the 1917 Club to Lady Londonderry's receptions, from Seaham to Combined Scottish Universities, until, on his seventieth birthday, he found himself still triumphantly in office.

David Marquand's massive, painstaking biography of some 900 closely printed pages would seem to fulfill this prophesy. Apart from Churchill, and perhaps Lloyd George, there is no other British political figure of this century who has rated, or is likely to rate, such treatment. Marquand is a Labour MP, very much of the Center, who has recently joined Roy Jenkins on the European Commission in Brussels. As the biographer approved by the MacDonald family, he has had access to a vast quantity of papers of one sort and another, including voluminous diaries and letters not hitherto available. Of these he has made excellent use, shedding light on many obscure episodes, and altogether producing a well-written, comprehensive account of MacDonald's political record, life, and strange, withdrawn, and, at the same time, exhibitionist temperament—a sort of Lord Jekyll and Comrade Hyde affair from first to last. It would be unfair to say that Marquand has done a whitewashing job; rather an elaborate cleaning operation such as is undertaken from time to time for buildings in London like St. Paul's Cathedral, which tend to get grimed over, and emerge from the cleaning, still in their original shape, of course, but furbished up.

Marquand's is the first serious attempt—certainly by anyone on the official Labour side—to make a case for MacDonald since 1931, when he formed his National Government, lining up with the Tories under Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain, and the fragmented Liberals under Herbert Samuel and John Simon. This was the crucial point in his political career, and on its evaluation depends, and must depend, the ultimate evaluation of MacDonald. It all happened so long ago, so much has happened since, that it is difficult now to convey the shocked horror among Labour Party stalwarts at the step MacDonald had taken. As it happens, my own memories are particularly vivid; my father was a back-bench Labour MP at the time who unequivocally opposed MacDonald's action, and I was working on the *Manchester Guardian*, which, characteristically, began by supporting the National Government, and then, under pressure from some of us, switched to opposition. Also, I heard from Sidney Webb a blow-by-blow account of the last Cabinet meeting (he was Colonial Secretary), when a puzzled, worried group of Labour Ministers sat in the garden of 10 Downing Street, waiting for a telephone call from New York telling them whether or not further financial credits were available. When the word came, and it was no, they just dispersed, unaware that MacDonald was going to the Palace to resign and take on forming a National Government. A parable, if ever there was one, of the plight of any social-democracy subsisting in the ever narrowing no-man's-land between Wall Street and the Kremlin.

Despite Marquand's well-reasoned and skillfully documented apologia for MacDonald's handling of the situation, my own opinion was at the time, and remains, that, in taking the course he did, the governing factor was his vanity rather than any political miscalculation or mistaken sense of public duty. The prospect of getting rid of, as he saw it, the wearisome nagging of an Arthur Henderson or a George Lansbury, and taking the center of the stage himself as a great statesman-savior—this is what generated in him in those days of decision so exalted a mood. King George V undoubtedly encouraged such a feeling. The two of them got on famously; there is a natural affinity between the incumbent of a declining monarchy and the leader of a rising political movement. It must be added

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that those who favor the view that the country's financial difficulties with which MacDonald had to cope, were a "banker's ramp"—a favorite view among leftists—have to account for the fact that an almost identical situation now confronts Mr. Callaghan, with the Bank of England nationalized, a Labour Government in power if only on the strength of a Lib-Lab pact, trade unions in a position to call the tune whenever and however they have a mind to, and with credits available, not from niggling New York banking houses, but from the infinitely more open-handed and easy-going International Monetary Fund. The only real difference is the sums of money involved; the 1931 crisis turned on an economy of £22 million on unemployment pay, a sum nowadays scarcely adequate for a multinational company's slush fund or an Arts Council's subsidies.

The value of Marquand's book, however, does not turn on his apologia for MacDonald, which may or may not be acceptable, but rather on his careful, scholarly account of the rise of the Labour Party to become a ruling political party—indeed, now, *the* ruling party. This is beautifully done, with a great mastery of the relevant documents and a careful and perceptive assessment of the various individuals and organizations involved—the Fabian intelligentsia with Shaw and the Webbs in the forefront, the Trade Union contingent with their block votes already in their pockets, the Liberal defectors, the political adventurers ranging between free-wheeling Theosophists like Annie Besant and free-loving sages like Bertrand Russell, not to mention the Clarion Club cyclists and all the different varieties of wind-on-the-heath, brothers. Never let it be forgotten that it all began, not with anarchists in a cellar, or Marxists in the British Museum Reading Room, but with a Fellowship of the New Life looking rather towards Thoreau and Emerson and Walt Whitman in Concord than Bakunin and Herzen and Lenin in Geneva.

As Marquand clearly shows, MacDonald's part in this growth of the Labour Party was a vital one; as Voltaire said of God, if he had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him. His marriage to Margaret Gladstone, daughter of one of the founders of the YMCA and a great-niece of Lord Kelvin, established him socially and financially. In those days, before MPs were paid, it was somewhat rare for a professional politician of the Left to be financially independent. Even the wooliness of MacDonald's mind and oratory was an asset of a sort, since it precluded hard commitments in which a proletarian like Keir Hardie or a wealthy ideologue like Hyndman was liable to involve the party. His capacity for producing a great flood of emotive words and saying nothing at all was quite remarkable; I once had the task of going through his various public utterances during the 1914-18 war to find out whether, and if so to what degree, he had taken up a Pacifist position. It was quite impossible to reach any clear conclusion one way or the other. Yet in the event this, too, proved advantageous; thanks to the scurrilous attacks of Horatio Bottomley and others, he could appear after the war as a martyr who had kept his head when the war mongers were losing theirs, without being open to the charge of having advocated treasonable or anti-patriotic behavior.

Of his record in office, first as Prime Minister in two minority Labour Governments, then as titular head of a self-styled National Government, and finally as Lord President of the Council, a sinecure appointment, Marquand finds little to praise in his domestic policies, but much to admire in his conduct of foreign policy and handling of Indian affairs. In both these fields he came to have a high reputation, yet, looking back, it is hard to detect much actual achievement. His speeches at the League of Nations and related diplomatic activity may be said to have made straight the way for Neville Chamberlain, and certainly did nothing to delay, still less avert, the inexorable drift to another war. Nor did his Indian Round-Table Conference—to which he managed to lure Gandhi—and all the Blue Books and White Papers which proliferated therefrom make the slightest difference to the timing and manner of winding up the British Raj. The communal conflict between Hindus and Moslems remained unappeased, and led finally to the disastrous partition of the country, which to this day precludes any lasting political or economic stability in either India or Pakistan.

It is surprising to find in Marquand's assessment of MacDonald that he praises his literary gifts. Politicians, like actors, rarely write well; their lives are a kind of "theater," and their words come accordingly. Churchill, despite his Nobel Prize for Literature, was no exception; his style—a fearful brew of debased Gibbon, Macaulay and the Authorized Version of the Bible—reflects the man, as do MacDonald's meandering sentences overloaded with words. A good example lingers in my mind from a dissertation on the joys of browsing in a library which ran like this: "Take a walk in your library guided by your imagination, enlivened by suggestions which come to you from a phrase—exploring, exploring to be alone, going wandering and roaming and dreaming alone."

It is an illusion to suppose that rulers, however selected, whether parliamentarian, dictatorial, oligarchical or hierarchical, emerge by chance; they are an expression of what Blake calls Fearful Symmetry. A Hitler emerges from the squalor of a Weimar Republic, a Mussolini from the confusion of a parliamentary Italy, a Stalin from Lenin's desolate dialectic, a De Gaulle from a distracted, guilt-ridden France, as surely as mushrooms grow in damp grass or seals cluster on rocky islands. We do, alas, get the governors we deserve. Wherefore, then, this crazed figure from Lossiemouth playing so central a role in the inter-war years? To a ruling class already on the run, but not yet, as has subsequently happened, stampeding, he brought comfort; if this was the face of revolution, then it was not, after all, so very dreadful. His confused platitudes, his high-minded dedication to the peace of the world, his ardent desire, as he put it in his inimitable way, that "the lion—I don't know which is the lion, should lie down with the lamb—I don't know which is the lamb," brought reassurance to many.

Such men have been the harbingers of revolution through the ages; after them, the Gulag. Their tousled heads and disorderly whiskers, their noble sentiments and romantic dispositions, their

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flashing eyes and floating hair, ideally fit them for the role of ribald John the Baptist in the unending soap opera of power. This side of MacDonald comes out very clearly in the romantic attachments he formed after his wife's death. Marquand deals faithfully with these, quoting, for instance, from some of the high-flown letters he addressed to Lady Londonderry, a famous Tory hostess who became for a time his Egeria. Another attachment was Princess Marthe Bibesco, a Roumanian lady, with whom he corresponded weekly over a long period. I had occasion to read for a publisher a large collection of his letters to her. They were rather touching in a way, but very arch, and often totally absurd; of the Indian Round-Table Conference, I recall, he wrote that they were playing for high stakes, no less than an Empire. This was how he saw himself, as a Talleyrand or Metternich of our time. In fact, of course, the Empire was already lost, and—the Mahatma apart—the Indian representatives at the Round-Table Conference were as irrelevant as he was himself. I had tea with Princess Bibesco at the Ritz—just the right place—to discuss the letters, on which she put a higher valuation than MacDonald's then reputation justified. By that time she was getting on in years, and seemed to me to be varnished, as oil paintings are. The letters never were published, but Marquand gives a few extracts. As things turned out, the Princess's friendship with Proust proved to be more memorable in the eyes of posterity than the one with the Prime Minister. Such is life!

Marquand gives a moving account of MacDonald's sad last days, when he had become an irrelevance, or as we say nowadays, a non-person. The Tories needed him no longer, his own National Labour Party proved a fiasco, his health collapsed and he became ever more incoherent. He died at sea, and a cruiser was sent to bring him home. Whether or not all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side, on this side all the Establishment turned out for his memorial service in Westminster Abbey.

Malcolm Muggeridge

Malcolm Muggeridge is most recently the author of *Jesus* (Harper & Row).

A Fine Old Conflict
by Jessica Mitford

(Knopf; $10)

Jessica Mitford, or Mrs. Bob Treuhaft, takes the title of this autobiographical ramble from her childhood mishearing of the words from the *Internationale*: "'Tis the final conflict." Putting the word "old" before a disagreeable and concrete phenomenon is a very characteristically English way of humanizing it. Thus, in the First World War, British soldiers sang that moving ditty, *Hanging on the old barbed wire.* Miss Mitford's "old" symbolizes her own attempt to humanize her long and, so it seems to me, fundamentally sterile affair with Communism and the Party, which she finally left in 1958.

In many ways it is a brave and successful effort. No Mitford, so far as I know, ever wrote a dull book, and Miss Mitford trips along in the easy, engaging and gossipy style which comes, in part at least, from never having been subjected to a formal education. If anyone can make readable a straightforward account of Left-wing fringe activities and campaigns in the '40s and '50s it is Miss Mitford. The narrative is totally unsensational. It has no revelations. The author's mind is unanalytical, so she cannot tell us clearly what kept her in the Communist Party, or what eventually persuaded her to leave it. But equally she is quite without bitterness. She engages in no backbiting. She does not regard her Communist years as lost ones, indeed looks back on them with content and even affection. This makes her book attractive, up to a point, and even cozy.

Yet cozy is not the word for the

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Mitfords: far from it. Jessica's parents, so often portrayed by their offspring as engaging eccentrics, were also fanatics, each in their different ways, and it is not surprising that they bred political extremists. Tom, the only son, who was killed in the Second World War, nursed monstrous and irrational hatreds of Catholics and Jews. Unity and Diana became fascists. Two of the sisters chose quiet family lives (one doesn't blame them). Nancy, the eldest and by far the ablest, was not a fanatic in politics: she drifted from the conventional Leftism of the '30s intellectual to her own personal brand of Gaullism in the '60s. But she could be very steely and implacable on issues (chiefly matters of personal behavior) where her intellectual convictions were reinforced by an emotional prejudice. And the Mitfords were and are capable of closing ranks and giving battle with unusual ferocity when they feel their collective interests are threatened, as witness their recent campaign against David Pryce-Jones's hostile biography of Unity.

Jessica would claim, in fact does claim, that her own political extremism was in an altogether different, and more rational, category than the fascism of Unity and Diana. But that is a matter of opinion. As she concedes, "at first my political feud with Boud [Unity] was something of a joke":

> *At Swinbrook we divided up a disused sitting room at the top of the house and decorated it with our respective insignia: her Nazi pennants, photographs of Hitler, Italian "fasces"; my hammer and sickle, bust of Lenin, file of* Daily Workers. *Sometimes we would barricade with chairs and stage pitched battles, throwing books and records until Nanny came to make us stop the noise.*

But an element of childish determination kept the three "political" sisters going long after Nanny was no longer around to keep the peace. This autobiography is by no means dissimilar to the complementary volume of memoirs recently published by Diana, in which Lady Mosley describes her tribulations as a wartime fascist and after. Both sisters have redeemed the futility of their political lives by wit. Jessica wrote a funny and celebrated castigation of US Communist jargon (which she prints as an appendix). Diana's fun extracted from the head wardress at the women's prison where she was locked up under wartime regulations the unsolicited admission: "We've never had such laughs since Lady

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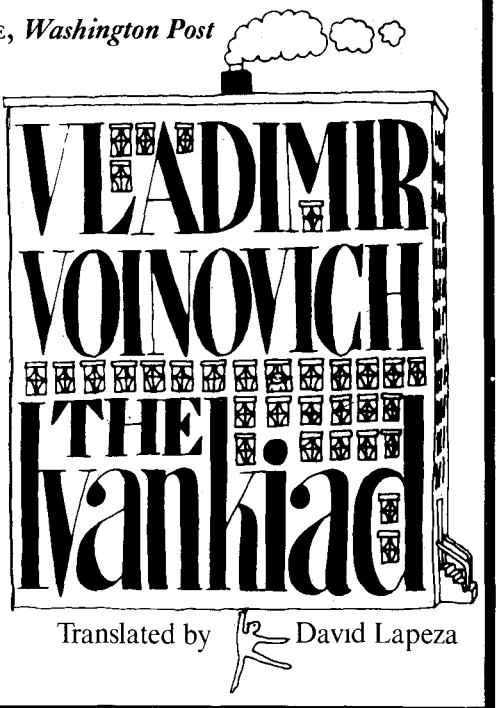

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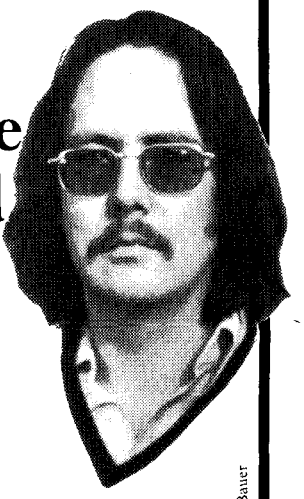

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Mosley was released." Yet, in both cases, there is alongside the ability to make, and see, jokes the disconcerting lack of political humor which distinguishes the fanatic.

The reader, in fact, ought to be slightly wary of Jessica's self-portrait, which omits an element of obstinacy and chilly self-righteousness to which other accounts testify. For instance, I have just come across, in a new volume of wartime diaries published by the architectural historian James Lees-Milne, a little vignette of Jessica in August 1944, provided by her brother Tom:

> *He saw Winston Churchill when he was in Libya, and the PM gave him news of his sister Decca, now married again and living in America. When in America, the PM sent for Decca and told her he felt sure she would be glad to know that her sister Diana was now much happier in prison because she was reunited with [Oswald] Mosley. Decca said very abruptly, "I don't want to hear her name mentioned." He then offered to get her a job on Lord Halifax's staff. Decca answered, "I wouldn't touch him with a bargepole." The PM felt very snubbed. She is as fanatically Communist as ever.*

Jessica complains in her book that she failed to see her father before he died because he would not agree to do so in company with her husband and child. The truth is she was a chip off the old block herself. This helps to explain her effortless commitment, for 20 years, to a totalitarian party, and her continuing refusal to regret it.

Paul Johnson

Paul Johnson was formerly the editor of the *New Statesman*.

Jack: A Biography of Jack London by Andrew Sinclair

(Harper & Row; $12.95)

Andrew Sinclair says in his new biography that most literary critics have thought of Jack London as a misguided man who wrote a few good dog stories. He implies that Jack fared better among biographers—for he has had several—but not much better, since his best known biographer is Irving Stone, of whom Sinclair thinks little: "Just as nations are said to get the governments they deserve, so Jack got his Irving Stone." Sinclair, with all sorts of previously restricted letters and documents available to him, has tried to improve on Stone and the others, and has done so; yet the labor of the others hangs heavily over him. The tale of the rise and fall of one of America's most conspicuously talented and doomed celebrities has already been explored in such detail that the new source material does not change it much. For the literary critics Jack remains the dog-story man, and for others who might like to know more about what made Jack run, Sinclair can add only incidentals. His book is perhaps strongest on the late life, and on what made Jack run *down*.

I had not realized, for instance, the extent of Jack's physical debility in the late years. Sinclair gives all the medical data anybody can stand—of the bad foot, the bad bowel, the not quite substantiated syphilis, the killing arsenic treatments, the heavy doses of morphine and other drugs—and he provides quantities of psychic and sexual data too, showing this devotee of "a cult of the perfect male body" to have developed almost every imperfection that perfection could possibly breed. Those who have thought, as did Upton Sinclair, that Jack's problems were 99 percent those of an alcoholic have something to learn. Yet, to his credit, Sinclair (Andrew) does not belabor the imperfections. Where there was health in Jack he hastens to describe it, even though in the end he seems to be saying that much of the health was mythical, Jack's own myth.

And there was a great deal of health in Jack, literary, ideological, physical. Jack was a mountain of energy, and the energy fed out not only to dozens of stories and novels, but into many exotic non-literary ventures. Sinclair pays particular attention to Jack's intellectual life, and while Jack sometimes appeared to be more of an intellectual braggart than a real thinker, he can only be understood as a writer by relating him to the dominant ideas in the air of his time. From the days when he was first reading "Carl Mark's *Capital*" and Herbert Spencer's versions of Darwinism, to the confusedly socialist farming experiments of his last years, Jack mixed his dogs and superman sea captains with a vast amount of social-cultural theorizing. Perhaps it is partly the windiness of his theorizing—together with his racist venom especially against the Chinese—that has led critics to stick with his dogs; but the critics should remember that the theorizing produced even the dogs. For better or worse Jack was steadily a novelist of ideas.

Certainly he was one of the strangest socialists ever, a true California product who preached fiercely against the exploiters but did not really mind capitalism rampant on a field of wage slaves, so long as he was not one of the wage slaves. He described himself as an evolutionary socialist, but he chiefly meant by that that he was ready to live with capitalism until it was ready to go away. He enjoyed making money as much as he enjoyed spending it or complaining about it. From very early he had trouble distinguishing—though he was always talking about the distinction—between his potboilers and his serious work, and his confusion on the point seems to have been necessary to him, helping him to maintain perhaps his biggest myth about himself, the one that told him he could be a money writer *and* a man of ideological and artistic integrity. In other words he was a classic early victim of the trap that America sets for radicals.

Aside from the fascination of his tragic life, however, is he a writer we should keep high on the shelves of American literature, or is he to be remembered as the literary critics, most of them, say? Sinclair is cautious with his praise. He thinks *The Sea Wolf* is probably Jack's best novel, which is conventional enough, but he has serious reservations about *Martin Eden*, and his objections to that heavily autobiographical novel suggest his larger complaint, which is pretty severe. Literarily he prefers Jack when he is

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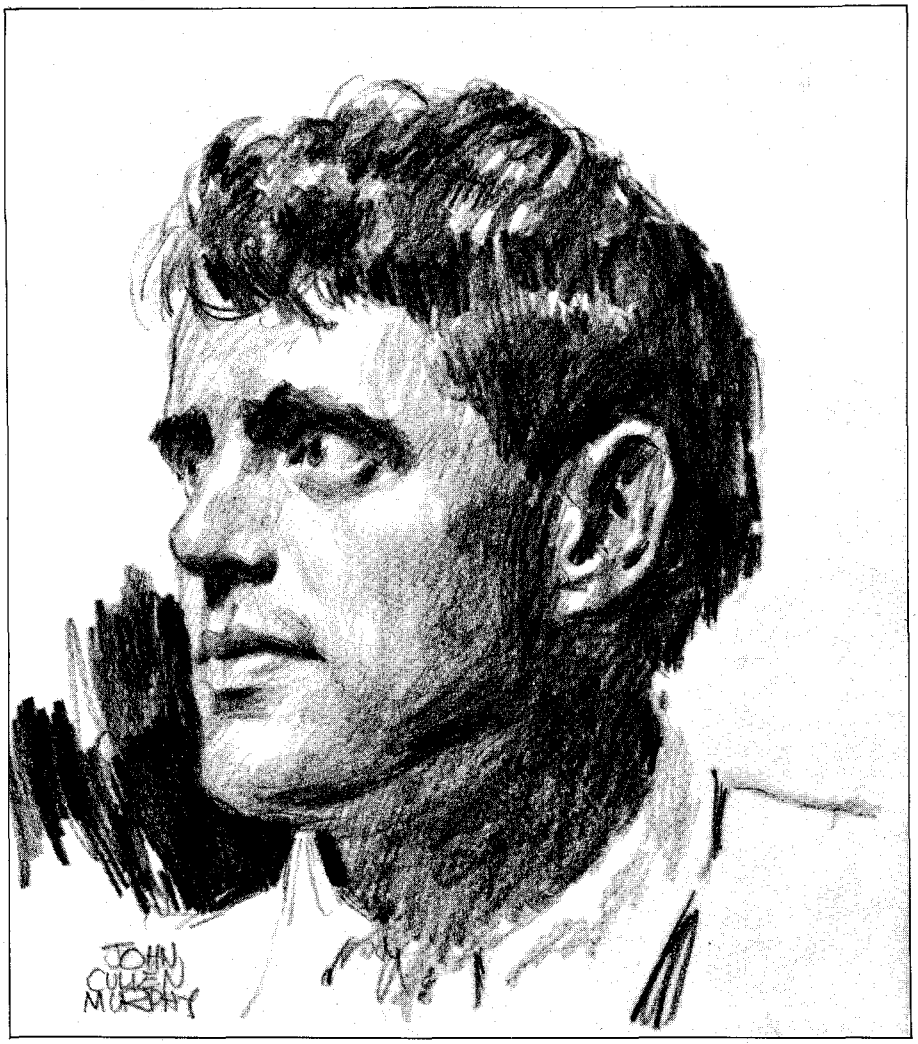
mythologizing to Jack when he is being introspective or ideological. In other words he prefers Jack the melodramatist to Jack the thinker or analyst. Of Martin Eden's "despair and self destruction" for instance he says that they were not explained in the novel because "Jack could not explain such urges in himself.



Jack London by John Cullen Murphy

He knew that he had them from time to time, but he would not examine his inheritance of instability, his violent appetites, his nightmares and occasional loss of control, his anxiety about his bodily decline." Similarly, of Jack's autobiographical account of his lifelong struggle with alcohol, *John Barleycorn*—which some, and notably the editor of the *Bodley Head Jack London*, regard as Jack's most mature work despite its strident message—Sinclair talks most of the self-deception involved, with Jack kidding himself about having mastered the bottle. I am sure that the self-deception in the work was great, but so was the achievement, an achievement that Sinclair, busy with his psychoanalysis, neglects. Long passages in *John Barleycorn* make marvelous reading of a quite different order from much of his heavy melodrama, being loaded with lived detail and untheoretical awareness. The book is a tantalizing sample of the kind of writer Jack might have been if he had *not* had his dogs and supermen.

The same might be said of Sinclair's complaints about *Children of the Abyss*, Jack's quickie of a sociological study of poverty in London's East End (1902-3). Jack had been given a newspaper assignment to cover the Boer War, but on reaching London on his way to South Africa he received a telegram telling him that the assignment was cancelled; so in his enterprising way he rushed off instead to his previously planned second target, the East End. He dressed himself as a vagrant and descended into the depths (keeping a halfway house to retreat to) for a couple of weeks and emerged with a book. Of it Sinclair says that Jack deliberately hunted "for the worst areas of poverty" in the East End to fit the conclusions that he had reached before he got there:

> *. . . his compulsion to condemn the nightmare of his surroundings had prevented him from seeing many of the truths about the East End. To cooler observers, the place seemed to be a group of working urban villages with a strong sense of tradition and community . . . . His prose and point of view were overwrought, more propaganda than philosophy, more passion than description.*

Sinclair does then acknowledge that the book had "all the merit of urgent first impression," but the praise comes a bit late. My own feeling is that *The People of the Abyss*, like the later *John Barleycorn* (and *The Road*), shows us a Jack London that has been much neglected, a first-rate observer and expositor. Though his conclusions about what should be done for the people of London's East End may seem absurd now, his descriptions of the people, right down to his very convincing renderings of their cockney yarns, do not; they persuade me that his vision of London's East End in 1902 was probably at least as dependable as that of those "cooler observers" Sinclair mentions. I'd say the book still stands as a sociological document of some moment.

Sinclair has avoided the tedium of most literary biographies, in which each literary work is methodically and piously summarized and dissected, and yet he has been thorough, straightforward, conscientious. He has also added a few novelties to the Jack London saga, like Jack's curious love affair with the poet George Sterling, and interesting observations about medical malpractice with drugs early in the century. My chief complaint then is not so much a complaint as a difference of opinion. Sinclair's judgment finally confirms the dog-story Jack as the Jack to remember, even though Sinclair, not liking Irving Stone, would obviously have preferred a different Jack than that. I think there was a different Jack than that; so I was much struck when Sinclair observed that the year 1912 or thereabouts "was the beginning of the time of courage and maturity in Jack's life," for that was the beginning of the end of Jack, the beginning of Jack's being almost steadily on some kind of sedation (he died in 1916). Was Jack never grown up until he

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was a wreck? Apparently Sinclair came to think so. At least at the end he places Jack among the romantic lost souls, a "finite mind and body" condemned "to an infinite dissatisfaction." Yet earlier in his book he shows more respect for the man's talent, a talent that did include, though erratically, self-awareness and unmelodramatic understanding. My guess is that Jack himself eroded Sinclair's respect for him as the biography progressed, a not uncommon occurrence among literary biographers. It is their fate to have the writer's life take precedence over the writer's work.

Reed Whittemore

Among *Reed Whittemore's* publications are *The Poet as Journalist* (New Republic Books) and *William Carlos Williams: Poet from Jersey* (Houghton Mifflin).

Raw Silk
by Janet Burroway

(Little, Brown; $8.95)

Raw Silk is Burroway's fifth novel. An American woman, Virginia, married to a budding British textiles tycoon, Oliver Marbelestier, undergoes the standard crises of married life: the lackluster education of children, the slipped hopes, the violence seeping between two people tired of each other. As a textile designer, Virginia abstracts cross-sections of botanical specimens, which her husband's firm prints and weaves. The goods of their lives are dry and soon to ravel. Then Virginia will bolt. Such language provides the ambivalent clues to *Raw Silk*, for Virginia separates tentatively from her husband in the last third of the book. Her marriage behind her, her juices flowing once again after a dry decade, she pursues her one lifelong dream not yet abandoned, a dream of the Orient. And she finds there a level of commercial taste with all the nuance of a Terre Haute tea towel: "A bunch of grapes and two turnips on a ground of celery salt. Cubist study of ice cubes." But she comes to love the traditional Japanese culture: "'one wonders what it is that finally ties all things together, and it is this White Thread Waterfall of the Tail-of-the-Waterfall Shrine.'" With such imagery woven into her trip, she suddenly collapses, knows her married life is a sham, believes she will leave Oliver, and will not return to England. In this strange world of age-old beauty she suddenly sees that everything in her adult life connects by reference to a man she now loathes. She has gained perspective on her married world, and on its horror. Surely this bolt from her married life will hold. But, no, it doesn't. In the end she returns to her husband and what she had called the "hot slop of involuntary submission."

It is a measure of the emotions Burroway raises that when I read Virginia's decision to return to her marriage, I threw her book against the wall. All I could think of was the Aqyn's Song in Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow:* "'if you would not be born,/Then stay with your warm red fire,/And stay with your wife, in your tent,/And the Light will never find you.'" There can hardly be a greater contrast than between *Gravity's Rainbow* and *Raw Silk*. Thus it is a measure of this novel's craft that it stakes out plausible terrain for itself in spite of fiction's current directions and Virginia's journey back to England and her marriage. Virginia begins page one talking about herself, and her last page ends with "me." She is a strong, honest, and talented woman married to a wooden, smug, and calculating man. So why is she returning, and why am I recommending her tale?

Design. The novel is a web. To touch it anywhere is to touch it all over. Just at the lowest moment of despair in Japan, when it seems to Virginia "there are no patterns," she sees how her life fulfills itself willy-nilly. "No," she says, "there is one pattern. I take my sketchbook up. I have copied, with alterations so minute that I myself cannot perceive them, in distortions dictated by my Californian poor trade unionist inclinations, conditioned by my British rich right-wing acquired style . . . a screen fan of a see-no-evil monkey . . . an arabesque of branch. These lines bespeak me. . . . What I copy I distort, what I touch I mangle. Here I am as surely as I can be found, an unintentional parodist of the centuries in Alpha Eagle No. 2 graphite." That's the same pencil with which her carpenter father taught her to draw a cube, the same pencil with which he designed the carport on their California mobile home that never went anywhere. Pattern has occupied and revealed her. She would "rather see a tragedy come to closure than a drifting comedy." The most succinct version of this bolus is in the title image. When they make raw silk, "the Indians to whom all life is sacred must wait until the moth bursts free and then weave of the coarse broken fibers." Bet on it that the moth holds life less sacred than the wiser Indians, for the moth simply flies to the flame and burns out. For Virginia, the real work is in reweaving the fibers abandoned by the moth's flight.

In *Raw Silk*, life itself seems to burst the fibers of human design. Even within marriage, Virginia had abandoned people binding her too tightly. Her daughter she sent to a finishing school; her husband she allowed to slide into his career; her young schizophrenic co-worker she yielded to a misunderstanding psychiatrist and then to a state hospital; her painting she gave up for staple designs. The revolutionary act for Virginia is thus to become again Virginia Marbalestier. Pynchon's romantic Light will never find her, but she has rediscovered pattern. Like Henry James's Isabel Archer, she compromises her romantic American hopes not for the sake of a recognizably insufficient man, but for a sufficiently patterned life—which for James was European. American Virginia confirms *her* marriage, however, precisely because to be American is to know hard work and deep design and the falsity of illusive flight. Hadn't her own father come up against the Pacific? Hadn't he planted his mobile home against America's limit?

In some ways, then, *Raw Silk* provokes women's novels today as surely as Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* challenged the black novel a quarter century ago. To re-enter social institutions which one has demonstrated as irremediably cruel is for both

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Burroway and Ellison the sign of full responsibility. One need not agree with their conclusions to recognize how each is prompted by a longing for past conditions. Ellison hailed a dying folklore and America's founding faith. Burroway returns Virginia to Oliver and returns *Raw Silk* to the claims of analytical craft and the nuclear family.

W. T. Lhamon, Jr.

W.T. Lhamon, Jr. teaches English at Florida State University.

One Smart Indian
by Robert J. Seidman

(Putnam's; $9.95)

The great merit of Seidman's novel is its revealing insight into the mid-19th century folkways of the Northern Cheyenne tribe. As a result of careful anthropological study, the author recreates tribal life with admirable fidelity. The story centers on Tumbling Hawk, a lad of some 10 years when the tale begins. From the outset, Seidman sets the motif of Indian-white antagonism as Tumbling Hawk and three friends, while hunting for rabbits, come upon a cavalryman who had been injured when his horse fell. The boys dispatch the soldier and take his scalp, thereby earning kudos from tribal elders. Because of this and subsequent bravery, Tumbling Hawk is allowed to accompany a band of warriors on a raid against the Shoshonis. Before reaching their enemies, the Cheyenne encounter a detachment of cavalry encamped for the night. In the process of stealing horses and a rifle, Tumbling Hawk becomes fascinated with an unknown sound emanating from the body of a sentry slain by one of the Indians. The boy's naive entrancement with the gold watch he plucks from the soldier's body proves his undoing. While ripping the watch from the dead man's clothing, the boy makes enough noise to arouse a soldier who shoots him in the thigh.

On Tumbling Hawk's captivity and recuperation the plot of the novel turns. He comes under the care of Colonel Benjamin Hyde, commandant of Fort Laramie. Hyde sees that the boy is nursed back to health. During the convalescence, Hyde recognizes the boy's talents and decides to provide for his education and acculturation into white society. The colonel exemplifies the enlightened attitude of many Army officers toward Indians. He laments the government's insensitive attitudes toward the aborigines and thinks that the military should protect, rather than destroy, the integrity of Indian life. While clearly understanding the savagery the Indians were capable of, Hyde thinks that if the government honored its treaties, the races could live together peacefully on the vast expanses of the Great Plains. He interprets Indian depredations as reactions to white faithlessness, not the cause of it.

After Hyde finds that the boy responds to tutoring and to his efforts at acculturation, he sends him to a preparatory school in New England. There Tom Hyde, as Tumbling Hawk has become in the white world, learns the loneliness of the outsider, displaying amazing strength of character in withstanding the ostracism of his privileged white schoolmates. From there he goes to Yale, finding that his careful schooling at Arundel Academy enables him to do good work in college. Through Hyde's influence, after Yale Tom is assigned to a post in the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington. Officials think that this highly accomplished Indian could be effective in interpreting governmental policy to his red brothers. While having amazing success in the BIA, Tom gets introduced into white society and proves himself a social lion. An affair with a comely blonde daughter of a leading government figure, described with the sexual explicitness *de rigeur* in contemporary fiction, lasts for months—without the

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expected complication pregnancy would have caused in the plot.

The assignment from the BIA that changes Tom Hyde's comfortable life as a rising young man in Washington is a mission to the Five Civilized Tribes, trying to win their allegiance to the Union in the Civil War. In his dealings with Chief John Ross of the Cherokee, he realizes the ultimate cynicism of the way that whites have manipulated Indians. Ross, only one-eighth Indian, has grown rich from government annuities, while his tribe languishes in poverty. The irony of Civilized Tribesmen owning Negro slaves pierces Hyde's sensibilities. He resolves to become a Moses to his people—to return to the Northern Plains and lead the Cheyenne in their defense against further white inroads.

With this return, he becomes Tumbling Hawk again, but employing all the education received in the East to further his cause. He determines that military superiority is the key to Cheyenne survival, so he tricks army quartermasters out of Henry repeating rifles and the necessary dies and materials for manufacturing more rifles and ammunition. Before his inevitable death at the hands of hundreds of Union soldiers, Tumbling Hawk and his fellow warriors wreak havoc in white communities, kill scores indiscriminately. With the immense destruction of white and Indian life, the novel ends in a holocaust.

Obviously, plot is not the enduring strength of this novel. The improbabilities far outweigh the likelihood of events involving such characters. Yet the pluses of the book overcome its shortcomings. Seidman's portraits of Cheyenne life, both in the beginning and ending sections of the work, are telling and convincing. Without the heavy-handedness of most anthropologists, he shows the reader how a Cheyenne boy grew up. The warm, enveloping love of the family unit nurtures and sustains Tumbling Hawk, his grandfather contributing as much to his rearing as his parents. Just as family unity prevailed, tribal unity was sought. It was rare for Cheyenne men to fight among themselves; they preferred to save their enmity for an opposing tribe or whites. The rigid code of family loyalty dictated that a son not criticize his father, even in his most intimate moments with comrades.

Seidman uses the relationship of Small Deer and his father, Hard Ground, to develop several Cheyenne traits. Small Deer is a companion of

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Tumbling Hawk on the initial expedition of scalping the white soldier. As indicated by his name, he was slighter in stature and physical prowess than his friends. His father was not only small, but misshapen both in body and spirit. At the feast honoring the boys after their kill, three fathers speak proudly about their sons' exploits. Hard Ground merely thanks the others for letting his boy tag along. Fathers of the tribe are aghast at this callousness, but none dares reprimand Hard Ground, for he has sole authority over his son. Nor does Small Deer speak ill of his father to any playmate. When Small Deer offers himself as an apprentice to the arrow-maker, the latter is highly diplomatic in handling the boy because he knows of the father's ill nature and respects the father-son relationship.

Seidman handles the emotion engendered by Tumbling Hawk's return to his tribe after an eight-year sojourn among whites most effectively. A white reader would expect the parents' response to be something like that in the parable of the prodigal son, but that of Big Road and Shell is much more reserved. The author shows that having violated tribal mores, Tumbling Hawk cannot expect an open-armed welcome. In all of Tumbling Hawk's activities, both with his tribe and in the East, the author deftly develops his character. Seidman has produced a three-dimensional individual, utterly believable as to motivation and reaction. This is a signal accomplishment.

Walter Rundell, Jr.

Walter Rundell, Jr. teaches history at the University of Maryland. His latest book is *Early Texas Oil: A Photographic History 1866-1936* (Texas A&M University Press).

COMING:

Alfred Kazin

on

Edmund Wilson

Correspondence, *from page 5*

ancient doctrine that the right of the public to the use of beach between high and low water is limited to boating, fishing and fowling.

A Constitutional amendment should change this, but meantime the Meyer group at Chilmark has arranged a generous and immediate addition to the public beach domain.

One more count against Miller as a reputable journalist is that he resurrects an instance of drunken rowdyism on a ferry years ago and presents it as if it were a recent demonstration of antagonism toward Mr. McNamara. The fact is that any real antagonism on Martha's Vineyard would be hard to find. Miller exploits the temper of some ill-informed dissatisfaction among himself and his friends on the Chilmark beach as if it were more than a teapot tempest. It isn't.

Henry Beetle Hough
Editor
Vineyard Gazette
Edgartown, Massachusetts

The editors reply:
If Robert McNamara and his associates feel they overpaid for their beach property and would like to dispose of it at their purchase price, they should feel free to contact us here at *The New Republic*.

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TRB, *from inside cover*

start of his almost 30 years in the Senate sound almost obscene today; of the Warren Court—"the Marxists, in their own godless scheming, could hardly have asked more from our Supreme Court than they have received." He was sorry for Martin Luther King's murder, of course but, after all, he was a troublemaker; as for the protest mobs—"I have two pistols in my home, I intend to protect my family." He voted and filibustered against the civil rights bills; was a Vietnam hawk.

But Byrd has mellowed a bit in the interval; he has moved from far right to moderate-right and after all, he's a power broker and parliamentary technician, not an ideologue. Some of his attitudes contrast extraordinarily with earlier ones; he's "gone national," just as Lyndon Johnson did, and regrets some old positions, but still hasn't told the President whether he's for the Panama Canal Treaty.

Senators underestimated him. Working hard on details for fellow senators was what he did during dreary years for customers as a butcher. He was collecting political chits all the time. He suddenly knocked out the surprised Teddy Kennedy for the number-two Democratic spot as party whip in 1971. (It was a dramatic little struggle: he had the decisive proxy of his patron, the dying Richard Russell, which wouldn't count if Russell expired. Russell was still breathing when he used it, and died within four hours. The vote was actually 31 Byrd, 24 Kennedy.)

One thing Byrd has that no other senator has—a fiddle. At the Washington Press Club party last year Mr. Carter was there and so was Byrd; both performed. The President had wisecracks; Byrd hoe-downs, rousing tunes with proper hoots. A formidable figure with few traces of humor, a big brow, big nose, commanding eyes, a man who learned that a Senate leader makes himself powerful by making himself useful, whose former unction has turned to aggression, was bringing down the house with "Goin' Up Cripple Creek" and stirring hillbilly tunes. It was a smash.

Last week the dour majority leader lectured the Vice President sharply from the Senate floor for making an allegedly inappropriate parliamentary ruling. No harm done; they kissed and made up. Where does the Carter-Mondale-Byrd relationship go from here? Nobody knows.

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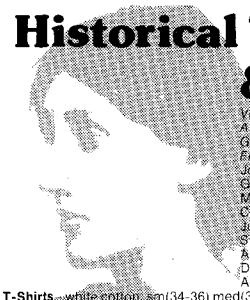

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Washington Diarist

Our Hearts Were Young and Red

(After Reading A Fine Old Conflict *by Jessica Mitford, reviewed on page 32.)*

My parents were Lord and Lady Somebody-or-Other, but we children knew them as Mudge and Farp. There were six daughters, known as Flap, Greep, Pancho, Slurp, Dregs and Phfft, except that Nancy and I called each other Popsy except when Slurp was around, in which case she was Popsy and we were Nicholas and Alexandra. ("If people know who you really are," Nancy used to say, "you're nobody.") Mudge and Farp raised us to be independent spirits, each choosing her own path in life without regard for society's conventions. Flap, for example, became the famous axe murderess of Brighton; Greep slept with Mussolini; Pancho married the Archbishop of Canterbury; Slurp became a lesbian and Phfft a society sculptress. I became a Communist and ran away to America.

At first I was lonely, but then I met Irv. He was everything I'd always wanted in a Jew: huge schnozzola, cliche Jewish mother, cliche left-wing politics. How Mudge and Farp would barf if they could see him! (But how wrong I was! Years later, shortly after the war, I took him back to England for a visit. Mudge wrote me afterwards, "We just loved your little Jew. How very clever of you to find one these days!" How we laughed over that one!) Irv says he fell in love when he saw me stealing supplies from the OPA for some campaign, the details of which now escape me. Our life was a constant flurry of rallies, secret meetings, marches, door-to-door petition-signing efforts. But at the core there was a certain emptiness, a gap that needed to be filled. We knew what was missing, of course, and how well I remember the hours of sweaty exertion we put in before my gynecologist spoke these magic words: "Mrs. Goldbloom, how would you like to join the Communist Party?" Ecstasy! In Dr. Richardson's cell we made friends from all classes of American society. We still exchange May Day cards with some of them!

Our local Party unit put me in charge of Budget and Finance. Of course I hadn't the slightest aptitude for such matters. But fortunately there was this very sweet (though rather dull) young comrade who used to come in evenings after her factory job and spend hours untangling the mess I'd made of the ledger books. How I envied her the capacity for drudgery that my protected aristocratic background had denied me! And how I envied even more her factory job, experiencing first-hand that alienation from the means of production I could only read about and discuss with Irv as we watched her tally figures long into the night. My own occasional brushes with the oppressive capitalist system were also occasions for organizing in my own (cute) little way. I remember once, feeling a bit peaked, I checked into the charity ward of the local hospital for a few days' rest. Whenever I requested a cup of tea it was invariably brought lukewarm. Other women in the ward complained that their food was insufficiently salted. "Girls," I said, "I have devised a punishment to fit these crimes. Let's vomit all over the place and then faint." It worked beautifully! The nurse had to bathe us all and then was up all night scrubbing the floor. I think she got the message—and through her, the system.

Having shown Irv my roots I was anxious to see his, so we arranged to visit the small eastern European country where his ancestors (such as they were) had lived. We were so pleased to discover that, just as we ourselves had been given the privilege of dedicating our lives to the cause of the American Communist Party, the nation of Irv's ancestors had merged its destiny with that of the Soviet Union. The minute we crossed the border we noticed the sweet-smelling air, the lilt in people's walks, the golden sunshine pouring out of the socialist sky. By contrast we Americans were pallid and haggered. For this reason I insisted on a special measure of courteous treatment. "Just you try to imagine what it's like living in the country of Nixon and HUAC," I scolded crossly when the proper amount of sympathy did not seem to be forthcoming. Only two small incidents dampened the euphoria of our stay. A young woman approached us on the street offering an unofficial view of life in Soviet society, but was run over by a car before she could say any more. Then a bellhop at our hotel handed us a letter and asked us to deliver it to his brother in New Jersey. On the advice of our official host we declined. How could we be sure he wasn't a spy? (And indeed he was arrested shortly thereafter.)

Only a few months after our return, Khrushchev's shocking revelation burst on the world: until his ascendancy, Soviet society had been flawed! We were thunderstruck! Could this be what that young woman had wanted to tell us before her untimely demise? Thank goodness she had not had the opportunity to spoil our wonderful vacation. In *A Long View from the Left*, Al Richmond describes the impact of this news on American comrades: "Shock . . . pain . . . grief . . . bewilderment . . . perturbation. . . . " Perturbation is exactly what I felt! Eventually I perceived the significance of Khrushchev's speech: the last shards of imperfection had at last been swept away. But I see now this was an overstatement. Nevertheless, my enthusiasm for the Party had begun to wane. When they upped the subscription prices for the *Daily Worker*, Irv and I decided we could do more good by involving ourselves with black, college, alternative lifestyle and vegetarian groups that already had begun to spring up. Although I have gone on to become a best-selling author and talk-show personality, I never for a moment regret my years with the Party. Of course the vested interests that I ruthlessly attack occasionally attempt to pillory me with references to my past. After my expose of the book-of-the-month industry, one of their tools on Capitol Hill asserted that I had been involved with various Communist front groups. And this in 1962—long after we thought McCarthyite smear tactics had been discredited! Well, not for nothing had Mudge and Farp raised me as an independent spirit. I immediately called a press conference and declared, with the forthrightness for which the Mitfords are known everywhere: "The Congressman's accusations are beneath contempt. I do not intend to waste my time denying them."

M.E.K.

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